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WORLD-FELLOWSHIP PEOPLE

Grace Darling Phillips

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by

Grace Darling Phillips

Librarian, Divinity Library, University of Chicago

Author of "Far Peoples"



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TO
MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO
MY DESPAIR AND
MY INSPIRATION

46584

Reviews of the following books appeared first in the *Christian Century* and are here reprinted with its gracious permission:

Repplier, Agnes.—*Père Marquette*.

Bogen, B. D.—*Born a Jew*.

Rolland, Romain.—*Prophets of the New India*.

Morrow, H. W.—*Splendor of God*.

Kang, Younghill.—*The Grass Roof*.

Miller, Janet.—*Jungles Preferred*.

Mikusch, Dagobert von.—*Mustapha Kemal*.

Wortham, H. E.—*Mustapha Kemal of Turkey*.

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INTRODUCTION

A librarian is accustomed to all sorts of questions, but let the builders of courses in world-fellowship come to the library, then indeed he ransacks his shelves and his brain. Where can he find the answer to such a question as, What Chinese has benefited all humanity by sacrifice of himself? Or, Who are some of the men and women of the Orient who have risen from obscurity to positions of leadership? When he does find the needed names, where can he find the material to personalize them? We rely upon the writers of such courses to be true to facts and to make correct interpretations. They need facts, then, for the foundation, and for the background they need color and atmosphere. These books are created for all grades in the church school, and they reflect the life of all nations. They might appropriately be called "People from Everywhere." The popularity of the courses is as great as their variety and attractiveness. Yet more highly to be prized is their moral power. These books are a real factor in breaking down race prejudice. So many tragedies in the world because of race conflicts! So much wrong because peoples of different races do not understand one another!

"There lies the tragedy of our race:

Not that men are poor;

All men know something of poverty.

Not that men are wicked;

Who can claim to be good?

Not that men are ignorant;

Who can boast that he is wise?

But that men are strangers."

Race prejudice hides at the heart of international strife and lurks behind many an evil condition within nations. Every person casting an influence against it is a real benefactor. Greatly to be honored and helped are the authors of world-fellowship books. Where shall the makers of these courses find their illustrations and examples, their plots, their happenings from every-day life, the ideals of the people they are depicting, the real characters that will arouse admiration and stimulate interest in all races? Books should be forthcoming at the demand of these workers and marshalled for their purpose; and of the many types of books needed, biography is of primary importance.

Biography cannot be excelled for source material and for supplementary reading. It has strong personal appeal. Much of it has been written with great literary distinction and is of such absorbing interest that it rivals fiction in popularity. Very often it furnishes the best medium for interpreting the life of a people. Libraries are finding that modern biographies make fine sequels to missionary books of former days. Supplement the lives of pioneer missionaries with those of modern missionaries and with those of nationals of our own time, and the picture of any nation is far more complete and accurate than when only the pioneer missionary biography is used. Biographies that depict present-day life will often attract where those of by-gone days fail.

This book contains brief reviews of a number of biographical books representing races and countries that need to be better known. Such nations as France and Germany and Great Britain are not represented for the reason that we have had many and varied opportunities to become acquainted with their people. In some instances it has been necessary to omit a country because no biography of high literary quality could be found in English. This is regretted.

From some sources, notably from Africa, China, India and Russia, there is a great outpouring of excellent literature available in English. At this rate we will soon be reading biography from every land. The choice of books has been determined by (1) reliability as to facts; (2) their emphasis upon matters of real importance; (3) their contribution to a sympathetic understanding of lands and peoples as well as their delineation of the lives of individuals; (4) their literary style and capacity to hold interest.

If some old "stand-bys" are missing from the list, it is because they have not met these requirements. It has seemed wise to tell enough about each book and quote sufficiently to show its style and the character of its material. The list presents about a hundred biographies. They furnish a basis for acquaintance with twelve countries and bring new friendships with fifteen different races. It has been a delight to find so many biographies of nationals from the lands we want to know better. May each person who uses this book discover and add to its list many more biographies that help to form friendships across all barriers of race and nation. May those who are working in the cause of world-fellowship find the bibliography practical and helpful. That is its purpose.

G. D. P.

Divinity Library
University of Chicago

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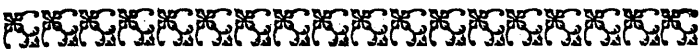
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AFRICA

COLLECTIONS

First, some books which are collections: Georgina A. Gollock's *Sons of Africa* and H. K. W. Kumm's *African Missionary Heroes and Heroines*. The first tells of the lives of remarkable Africans from the time of the fifteenth century to the present; "in rank from kings and potentates down to simple evangelists, school-teachers and small tribal chiefs: in moral qualities from a warrior like Tshaka to Khama the Good." The work is trustworthy. The author gleaned her information from government officials, missionaries, and others who knew the Africans whose stories she tells. It is well written as to its style and the appeal of its heroes, and it convinces one of "the mental and moral capacity of the African for civilization and upward progress." Miss Gollock's book seems to be one of the few books which give biographies of the Africans themselves.

The book by Kumm tells the stories of some missionaries to Africa and includes people little known. The stories are all dramatically told. For a brief collection, it would be hard to excel this.

CROWTHER

Then there are some single biographies of excellence. Jesse Page's *The Black Bishop; Samuel Adjai Crowther* is one of the older biographies which withstand modern criticism. It is a little verbose for modern readers and gives way to moralizing sometimes, but the wonder of the black man surmounts all that. "A little man with nerves of steel,

upon whose constitution neither lagoon nor mosquito could leave any deadly germ, whom incessant work did not seem to wear, intellectually alert and vivid, spiritually so optimistic and full of hopeful faith. He was always on the tiptoe of new achievements and yet no man had more native dignity or common sense." Within twenty years he had become civilized, educated (he even had had some study in England), and was preaching to his own people. He was finally made a bishop by the United Church of England and Ireland in West Africa, and was honored by clergy, officials, and kings of Europe. The book is full of amusing incidents. It abounds in illuminating accounts of conditions in Africa. It includes such exciting tales as that of his reunion after twenty-five years with his mother and two sisters who had been sold into slavery and the kidnaping of the bishop for ransom by a treacherous chief. He makes us laugh over his first attempt to wear shoes and the ambition of a chief to outshine the British queen. He gives much information about the fears in which those primitive men dwelt.

His achievements might well be compared to those of Livingstone. He also was teacher, preacher, social reformer, and explorer, and did much translating. He also was a pioneer in his field, and was dearly loved and greatly honored both at home and abroad. He also remained to the last most humble, self-sacrificing, and devoted. His patience and tact and thoroughly scientific method of dealing with his people is a marvel for modern sociology, and yet he lived over a century ago. He did much exploring and he translated the Bible into several African dialects; and all the while, in season and out of season, he preached and taught. His power over his people and the wonders he wrought read like a book of romance. He never attacked

the faith of his people, but constantly sought to show them the blessings of Christianity. Herein lay the secret of much of his success and herein again he anticipated modern methods. He and Livingstone had so many ideals in common that it is to be regretted that they never met. Crowther's service in Africa included the whole time that Livingstone was there and eighteen years more, but the two men were always in different parts of the country. Crowther knew of Livingstone, of course, even was anxiously alert for news of him during the long period of Stanley's search, but Livingstone seems not to have known of Crowther at all.

AGGREY

A life which should be studied in connection with that of the "Black Bishop" is E. W. Smith's *Aggrey of Africa*. Smith's life, however, cannot compare with Page's for local color and information about Africa and the Africans. At an early age, Aggrey left Africa for study, then commissions and conferences kept him traveling a great deal of the time. Smith's life is naturally concerned more with Aggrey than with his countrymen who remained back in Africa, hence the lack of attention given to things African.

James Emman Kwegyir Aggrey was enough to absorb any biographer. A study of his character and his work cannot fail to arouse interest in others of his race and in the country from which they come. To know Aggrey is to see the inherent ability of the Negroes of Africa and to silence forever reflections against their mentality. This book traces Aggrey's development and gives a very human picture of the man he became. In the foreground are his high intellectual achievements and his winning personality. We find him getting a doctor's degree at Columbia, and along with his studies making literally hundreds of speeches.

Either thing would have been all that most men could do. He excelled in his studies; he won two gold medals and was one of the few ever granted the Teacher's Life Professional Certificate by North Carolina. His speaking always drew large crowds. His amazing eloquence greatly affected people.

No less interesting in this character study are the man's faults. Certain primitive traits remained with him always: for instance, the belief in the power of some people to change themselves into birds. Once, when he was sick and the doctor could not come, a bird came and sat upon Aggrey. He was sure it was the doctor in the form of a bird, and he grew better. He would refuse to put a bird out of the house, for, he would say, "Who knows who that bird is and what blessing it has brought us?" And there is his vanity, or at least his genuine enjoyment of praise and success:

"If a journal contained an article relating to him he would frequently purchase a dozen or more copies and send them to his friends. In his letters he related his oratorical exploits and the eulogies he received, all with keen gusto. If readers of this biography were to deem him vainglorious, they would err. The letters we have quoted were, it should be noted, intended for the eyes of his intimates; I have heard others complain of his reticence in regard to himself. If he was an egotist it was with the egotism of a child who delights in telling mother what the teacher says about him . . . knowing full well that mother will share in his happiness. . . . Adulation was showered copiously upon him, but it did not turn his head."

Aggrey of Africa was an "inspirational man." To know him was to be inspired for Africa; to read of him is to be drawn to all Africans.

LoBAGOLA

LoBagola is of importance from the standpoint of interpretation. This is the fascinating story of a savage from the African bush where no white man has ever been. LoBagola has become civilized and here writes his own biography. It is a thrilling account of wild life and an interpretation of the savage mind. It is also the subtle history of racial amalgamation, for LoBagola is a black Jew. It is further a revelation of human development. From the little seven-year-old boy who landed in Scotland one bleak March, all in his primitive naked state, to the cultured writer and lecturer—we see how civilizing is achieved and, more than that, we see what it does. The book is also a revelation of the drawbacks of civilization. The process brought him lies and deceit and robbery, gave him rum, brought him experience of unfaithfulness in marriage and showed him the frequent gulf between good manners and high principles. He says his people in the African bush practiced purity and truthfulness. His experiences are undoubtedly exaggerated, yet his reaction to our life and his difficulty in finding any place among us bring us to pause and remember our idealism. After all his varied experiences, it is quite a relief to find him saying:

“Today, even after a quarter of a century afterwards, I honestly advise any boy in my own African home who wishes to leave for the purpose of seeing white men that the experience is worthwhile.”

This is a book which every missionary and every explorer should read before coming into contact with any savage people. It would do wonders in helping the civilized man to understand his uncivilized brother. And perhaps those of us who are forever limited to civilization would be better for reading it. If we have any idealism left,

it should quicken us to more ardent pursuit of the best in life.

FREEMAN

Thomas Birch Freeman was an unusual man in an extraordinary country working with mysterious people. The country or the people, either one, would be enough to hold a reader spellbound, but the man who could dare both and exhibit the wisdom that Freeman did must rival the country in holding attention. To read of his visit to the wild tribes in the interior of Africa and see how, after his long, hazardous journey to get there, he could yet wait months for audience with the king, is to marvel. To see his courage, his patience, and his tact is to be won, above all else, by the man himself. We find him the soul of wisdom and unfailing courtesy, even in dealing with savages.

Such was Freeman: born of a Negro father, yet given a good education, he developed a great interest in the slaves from Africa and the call of the churches for missionaries. He went there himself, and developed a Christian community to the number of about seven thousand. His work was all pioneering and he had unbelievable odds against him. To have seven co-workers die within the first seven months and lose two wives would be enough to send most any man back home, but Freeman stayed at his post eleven years without a furlough.

After such faithfulness and achievement, the experience of demotion is heart-breaking. Two big faults there were in his work: he failed to learn the language of the people and he failed to keep accurate account of the mission expenditures. His poor financial management ultimately meant that, from the organizer and head of a big mission, he descended to a mere circuit-rider. Yet still he showed

his greatness, for not a complaint or a single expression of bitterness escaped him.

But Freeman is not the whole of the book; there is also the country and the people. He tells about the fascination of the vast forests—trees towering two hundred feet above his head, leopards hiding in the undergrowth, monkeys swinging among the vines, the weird, uncanny silences of mid-day, and the myriad night noises. The account of the Africans themselves reads like the *Arabian Nights*; it is a strange inter-play of life.

SLESSOR

Mary Slessor of Calabar by W. P. Livingstone is a moving story of pioneer missionary work in West Africa. The book is written in direct, narrative style with popular headings and profuse photographic illustrations. Miss Slessor's early life is merely sketched; the main body of the book is given to the actual life in Africa.

As far as adventure is concerned, Livingstone has an easy subject to handle. Her life was very dramatic. Alone, with no white companion, she interviewed savage chiefs, held night vigils in the forest to guard against drunken revelry, and took perilous journeys through jungles and over rushing streams to minister to the sick. Alone, she faced savage armies, quelled mobs, obtained release of prisoners, intervened between armies and made them stop their warfare and pile their arms around her. Finally, she developed a court of justice over which she presided, and it was a court of recognized standing and effectual work.

What made the author's task difficult was the devout, deeply spiritual nature of Mary Slessor. Had the author been as pious as his subject, modern readers would have none of him. Imagine a woman who lets her answer to her

lover depend upon whether or not their mission board is willing to assign them to the same field, and who, upon the board's refusal to do so, merely says, "What the Lord ordains is right." Or who says, "My life is one long daily, hourly record of answered prayer." But Livingstone has treated this, as all else, in a practical, straightforward fashion which simply lets us see her from another angle.

Her character and that of her Africans are equally well drawn. Her varied experiences in Africa furnish a rich study of native custom.

LIVINGSTONE

Livingstone biographies, of course, are numerous. The publishers' catalogs show twenty now in print for America alone. The older biographies are too detailed and heavy and the later ones are either too cursory or too pedantic. That by Basil Mathews called *Livingstone, the Pathfinder* is quite attractive in substance and treatment. It is in story form and is supposed to be for juveniles, but that has not kept grown people from liking it too.

Another biography especially adapted to young people is W. P. Livingstone's *Story of David Livingstone*. It does not pretend to give new material but simply to present the recognized facts in concise, clear-cut form and in the attractive manner of fiction. It shows his scientific turn of mind and his practicality. He was wise in choosing his location, in developing native workers, and in learning the language. His experience with slavery never ceases to be arousing. A paragraph at the conclusion is quite typical of the author's concise way of dealing with his material:

"His death turned out to be his greatest victory. . . . It released spiritual forces that had not yet spent themselves. How he inspired a multitude of other lives for service in Africa would in itself form an epic story of

absorbing interest. In his spirit, missionaries attacked the difficulties of pioneer settlement in the interior. They planted stations along the route of his journeys; they fought the climate and the slave traffic; they prevented tribal wars; they introduced the arts and crafts of civilization; and gradually and surely they led the people into the paths of orderly industry and progress."

David Livingstone by T. Banks MacLachlan in the Famous Scots series is concise and readable. He gives equal attention to all phases of Livingstone's life and has made good selection from his diaries.

There has just appeared a new life by R. J. Campbell which is easily the best of the Livingstone biographies. The author's use of recently discovered and hitherto unpublished material makes this modern. His historical treatment makes it a true portrait. Livingstone is no longer set before us all hero but as a man who throughout life was subject to "fits of Gaelic gloom" and who "had roughness and bluntness of manner which may be said to have been a permanent characteristic of the man. . . . He was frank and straightforward to a fault, never suppressing nor disguising his opinions on any subject, and often adhering to them stubbornly notwithstanding the adverse verdict of the circle in which he happened to be." His headlong methods were not always the wisest. In the instance of trying to establish a seminary at Kuruman, his insistence brought down upon him accusations of wanting it in order that he might be the head of it. Here the author clarifies the situation by saying: "He was barely thirty and new to the work, and in the ardor of his perception of what he believed ought to be done he overlooked the desirability of winning older men to his side and letting them take the lead. . . ." In regard to his home life, it must be admitted that he saw little of his children and

that his poor wife had a hard time. Trader Horn speaks of him as "dragging that poor girl up and down Africa" in obedience to his own craving to be always on the move, but "it must be conceded also that had the issue of his vocation been manifest to him in 1844 he would not have asked Mary Moffat to link her life with his." His sense of mission drove him hard and he could neither control nor foresee it. Mention should be made also of the author's vivid account of the Boers and Africans as well as of Livingstone himself.

MACKENZIE

For charm of style and pure enjoyment, *Black Sheep* by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie is excellent. Her easy poetical manner of expression, her whimsical mood, and her enjoyment of life carry us away to Africa with her. She says: "An ivory horn announces me, quite as Elsa is announced in the first act of Lohengrin." Speaking of the African: "I have hardly a fixed conviction or an inference as fruit of this year's observation, but the missionary comes to feel that the African is known to God. He feels himself to be—he knows himself to be—one in an affair of three, and God is the third. And he knows himself to be necessary to that union. He is the friend of the Bridegroom." She has light touches of humor: "There are ever so many bugs about tonight, and they make it hard to write. They are bugs that undress and leave their clothes on the floor, all the little wings of them lying on the floor."

She makes light of difficulties, makes them funny in the telling, and dwells increasingly upon the people, what they are like, how they differ, their attractions, their problems. The book is not primarily a dissertation on Africa and the Africans; it is primarily the story of Jean Mackenzie's life in Africa, but since she was so devoted to

her work and the "black sheep" it is valuable for its color and atmosphere, both of which reflect Africa.

CRAWFORD

The life of Dan Crawford has recently been published by Dr. Tilsley. It is called *Dan Crawford, Missionary Pioneer in Central Africa*. It is a weird and fascinating account of a lone white man pioneering amidst black men. It has adventure aplenty with African settings of people and scenery. The Africans when Tilsley tells about them are much more interesting and attractive than they are when Crawford tells about them in *Thinking Black*. Take this, for instance:

"As for poetry: every black man is his own Wordsworth. Take a five-word sentence: 'Heaven is beyond the stars.' That is the Authorized Version. The African's Revised Version is 'The stars are the light He has left burning along the dark road that leads up to His city.' And the man who could talk like that was 'going' in the Portuguese market for an old song. 'Hold hard. The most delightful thing is that these wild cannibals have a tremendous belief in the immortality of the soul.' The dead, with them, do not really die. They said of Livingstone, 'He sleepeth.' While the Londoner was saying of the deceased person, 'He has departed,' the African was saying, 'He has arrived.' 'There is no vision in the d-i-e. You people in this boom of London, you do not hear the voices of the forest.'"

There are, however, serious drawbacks to the book; it is tiresome in its details and it is sanctimonious in feeling and expression. The author seems to have conscientious scruples against omitting anything that concerned Dan Crawford. Letters and Scripture are quoted unnecessarily. Dan Crawford and his biographer were both very devout

men. The book abounds in attribution of events to providence and in frank expression of gratitude for divine care. Some people lose their religion in Africa. Crawford cultivated his.

FRASER

Another book which might be named here as an autobiography, though it is hardly written as such, is Donald Fraser's *Winning a Primitive People*. His aim is to show vividly the worth of the black men and their progress under Christianity. He is a gifted story-teller. He grips his readers with tales of amazing adventure and with realistic accounts of the people of Central Africa. This far surpasses his *Autobiography of an African Retold*. The material is more wisely chosen and it has more literary merit.

WILCOX

The Man from an African Jungle by W. C. Wilcox is unusually attractive by reason of the spirit of fun running through it. He sees the funny side of everything. From monkeys to priest and pious missionary, nothing escapes him. He can even find his own experiences funny. Such a delicious sense of humor is greatly appreciated against the dark background of Africa.

But he was serious enough in his work. He discusses problems as well. Should natives be paid for coming to the mission? But how else were they to get books and the supplies needed? And how tell them about sin and love when their language has no words with which to express those ideas? His solutions were well worth while. There is some interesting history by the way: the strategy and tact by which Protestantism was enabled to enter that land of Catholic administration—Portuguese Africa—would reflect credit on any diplomat. His study of African

ability gives us good understanding of the black man and arouses our admiration for him. Tizora learned to speak, read, and translate five different tongues. Wilcox shows us men with keen minds and unconquerable faithfulness, and he shows us lovable characters.

Through it all there is one romance after another; they come and go through its pages as naturally as they did in real life. Disconnected from their setting, any one of them would be interesting, but set against Africa's background of chattering parrots and crying bush babies, prowling animals, treacherous streams, heat, pestilence, ever-present black-men now promising, now disheartening, with their keenness and stupidity, their faithfulness and their unreliability—with all this, his tales are simply enthralling.

MILLER

"Nearly three years have passed since my adventures began"—that is, the adventures of Janet Miller as a doctor in Central Africa. A simple little statement this seemed when read at the opening of the book, but as the adventures unroll, and marvel piles upon marvel, that little statement is hunted out, for we wonder whether we are reading romance or actual facts. The wild and primitive life we plunge into seems like the far-distant past. Again and again we must be reassured—only three years ago. No need to fear that civilization has invaded all of Africa. Janet Miller sees wild bushmen who go leaping and shrieking from her sight; pythons, monkeys, gorillas, and crocodiles can't be avoided. Snorting buffalo are killed, elephants eat all the tops off their banana trees and tramp down their garden, a leopard is shot while crouching to leap onto the auto, lions roar and hyenas howl nightly. "It was no sooner dark than the acoustics of the jungle began to

operate. It was like having a front seat at a broadcasting concert." She says, "There is always noise. . . . There is never a moment when the silence inside is met by a silence outside. . . . Especially sufficient to the night are the weird noises thereof. Parrots are screeching, baboons are barking, emphasizing the activities of the animal life around us."

The book is rich in animal life, some of it gleaned from the Africans themselves, some of it got from her own experiences. The lion is the "Caruso" of the jungle. He roars in low deep tones and sometimes a regular "grand opera troupe" of four or five lions gives a concert; it is great the way the roaring thunders across the plains.

There is much about plant life too, and we revel with Dr. Miller in the heavy fragrance of the jungle and the riot of color. For a festive occasion they easily gather together a great load of palms and orchids. She goes through forests where the trees seem to tower up to eighty feet. She tells about unusual growths: the cocoa tree which looks like a "ready-made Christmas tree" with pods decorating both the limbs and the trunks of the trees, flowers, buds, and pods—green, yellow, pale orange and crimson—all on the tree at the same time. We get frequent glimpses of giant fern trees, wild bananas, and numerous air plants.

But the African people are her greatest interest: the men of kingly mien, the tragic women, and the lively little children fill her pages with their credulity, their fears, their needs, and their gratitude. They are wise in knowledge of jungle lore but pathetically ignorant of all else. Their religion of spirits, demons, and witches comes near making them abject cowards. But they are naturally devout, and freed by the religion of Jesus from the creatures of their imagination, they come forth in all

their native courage and dignity. The needs of the black people who throng about Dr. Miller are the key which opens her heart to them. And what is it they do not suffer from?—snake bites, ulcers, leprosy, malaria, small-pox, elephantiasis, sleeping-sickness, maulings from wild animals, starvation, and ignorance. Central Africa has plenty of attractions for the explorer and adventurer; so also has it for the missionary. The relief Dr. Janet brings her people is a great satisfaction to her.

The author's picturesque style cannot pass unmentioned. About nature: "Banyan trees and monkeys make the most lovely combination—they were just made for each other. The long branches of the banyan trees spread outward and downward to the earth, where they take root and form vaulted chambers and corridors, a thickly shaded playhouse below for the little black children and a natural trapeze for the little gray monkeys overhead."

And her humor is irresistible: "Elephants have a way of ripping up railway tracks as if they were strips of spaghetti. . . . Our Minga Station automobile lives in a pigeon-hole in the Board Room at Nashville, so I departed immediately in a hammock with eight men for relays."

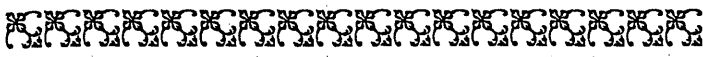
The African description of her beauty had her with "lovely eyes . . . big and bright—like a wild pig's eyes." Her hair was "straight and beautiful . . . not kinky like ours . . . it looks like an elephant's tail wrapped round her head like that."

But, beneath all the adventure, the marvels, the beauty, and the work with which her days were filled, there is an undercurrent of loneliness and hardship which, in spite of her, now and again comes to the surface and draws us close to her. On her arrival at the mission station: "It is all so strange that, in spite of kindness heaped upon

kindness which we have received from everyone around us, I am walking around with a lump in my throat the size of a coconut. . . . The sensations of a lady entombed before the breath is out of her body are gay and happy compared to mine."

Toward the middle of the book, we find loneliness still: ". . . Surely the loneliness of the heart of Central Africa is beyond the loneliness of either land or sea." And at the end: "Good-bye, Central Africa! Good-bye, precious Julia! Good-bye, Tinti and Mouyo, and little White Chief! *I'm going—Home!*"

And yet she prefers the jungles for experiences and this is a book of real experiences.



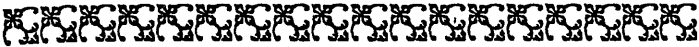
ALBANIA

LANE

Peaks of Shala by Rose Wilder Lane is a series of biographical sketches of the Albanians rather than of Mrs. Lane, though to be sure it is also of her life in Albania. Here we have the secluded country of the Dinaric Alps: "Thin, sharp rocks stood on edge . . . and covered hundreds of miles with every variation of light and shadow and in the far-away distance made a wave of snow that broke high against the sky." From below came "the low continuous murmur of innumerable waterfalls softened by immeasurable distances." Against this magic background of "mountains created to be looked at, not to be walked upon" we come into an atmosphere of feuds and tribal conflict, spirits of the woods and age-old legends, and we find ourselves face to face with people who are living as they lived twenty centuries ago. Shut off from the world and left to surmount hardships beyond us, we meet stout hearts and keen minds. They know nothing of the mechanisms of our civilization or of modern science, yet eagerly grasp a new idea. When surprised with information that the earth is round, quickly came the response: "If the solid earth is round and if the water lies upon it in a curve, then the earth is moving very rapidly. For if the earth were standing still the water would fall off."

And the people of this superior mentality are hungering for education. Never can we forget the pathetic attempt at a school without books or paper or pencils; nor the tragic woman whose home had been appropriated by the

tribe and who could not convince them of the right of private property; nor the man whose wife and children were invisible to all but himself for he had married one of the spirits of the trees. "Slowly, slowly, little by little," as is their greeting on the mountain sides, Albania is taking her place among the nations.



CHINA

MORRISON

Robert Morrison's audacious courage captures the reader of his biography as it did its author, Marshall Broomhall. Morrison went alone to face a strange people who were violently opposing both Christianity and Westerners. No danger diminished his zeal for taking the gospel to China nor made him swerve from his purpose. From the first he had to face sporadic persecution by the Catholics, and constant danger of imprisonment or death at the hands of the Chinese. He was separated from his family for six years because his wife's delicate health would not permit her sharing the hardships which were necessarily a part of his life. When they did return to him it was not for long. She died early, and his children had to be sent back to England for care. Not only was he living without his family, but for twenty years he labored as the sole Protestant missionary in all China. He had studied Chinese before he left England and knew something of the language, and he kept steadily on with his study of it through preaching, teaching, interpreting and writing. Within twelve years he had made a Chinese grammar and hymn-book, compiled a Chinese dictionary, and translated the Old and New Testaments. In the same period he had also served as editor of an English newspaper published in China, had done miscellaneous writing, and had worked for the East India Company in order to earn enough to cover living expenses.

It was six years before he had a single convert, but he

had "the patience that refuses to be conquered, the diligence that never tires, the caution that always trembles, and the studious habit that spontaneously seeks retirement." His perseverance is no less remarkable than his courage. Broomhall says of him, "Some of his letters and speeches . . . reveal his single-eyed devotion to the evangelization to China, his breadth of vision and sympathy, his sanity of judgment, his freedom from narrow prejudice, and, what is more remarkable, his early recognition of the need of unmarried women workers if China's needs were to be met." His rigorous and unsparing work broke his health and shortened his life, but he had already done his work. Now he is highly honored as one who made great beginnings for Protestant Christianity in China. Broomhall's biography is appropriately titled *Robert Morrison, a Master Builder*.

RICHARD

Of missionary biographies, few appear to be notable. There is one, however, which can be recommended highly—W. E. Soothill's *Timothy Richard of China*. It shows that country in its early contacts with the West, its gradual opening to Western civilization and the development in missionary methods. Timothy Richard was a great seer, statesman, and missionary, and one of the most impartial advisers the Chinese ever had. He cultivated acquaintance with Chinese officials for the purpose of understanding and improving their conditions. He determined to show the Chinese the benefits of Western civilization. He deliberately set to work to enlighten them as to Western research work and the enormous value of China's natural resources. The result was that he was consulted by rulers and high officials. His improvements ran from agriculture to higher education, and the principles he introduced into missionary work in-

clude a wide range of operations which have come to be universally approved. In those early days, when preaching to the "heathen" and converting them to Christianity was deemed the whole of missionary work, the changes he advocated in attitude and method show him to be a leader worth studying.

One who reads the book cannot fail to know China better and to feel a new zest for missionary work.

DER LING

Der Ling was a princess of the Manchu dynasty who was reared as a cosmopolite, with Western culture and Western freedom. Her father, from the first, was convinced that she was "different" from the other maidens of China and, despite the vehement outspoken protests of the Chinese, developed her intellectually and gave her individuality full play. *Kowtow* is the story of her life with her father from the time of her six-year-old memories until his death. It is also the story of his life during this period. She is devoted to her father and can conceive no higher character to represent the Manchus nor a better way to help the West to an understanding of the East than this, of interpreting it to them through the character of her father.

Yü Keng, the father of Princess Der Ling, was an official of the first rank in the last years of the Chinese empire. He became the minister of China to Japan and later to France. His life, therefore, includes the beginning of Sun Yat Sen's revolutionary movements and the outbreak of war in China. He was a man of great wisdom, unswerving honesty, justice, and courage, so that his daughter says, "Father had no religion, but when my time comes I hope to join him . . ." Numerous instances in his life uphold her judgment of him; an illuminating one is his bearing when surrounded by a French mob.

The report was out that all the foreign ministers had been assassinated in China; the French, believing that their minister had been killed also, were furious for vengeance and a mob surged around the Chinese Legation yelling, "Kill the Chinese minister," "Kill his secretaries," "Burn the Legation." In the midst of this uproar a message came to Yü Keng, the Chinese minister, from the French Foreign Minister which said, ". . . I am afraid for your safety. Come to me at once. . . ." Yü Keng's family were afraid to have him appear on the street and begged him not to go, but he insisted, saying, "I have done France no harm. Why should France harm me?" He was sure the mob was nothing more than "riffraff," and calmly prepared to go to the Foreign Minister. And he had no fear of not returning. Der Ling's account follows:

"He went down to the street, and at that moment, as never before, I understood exactly how proud I was of that Manchu father of mine. Father left the apartment house as calmly as he had left it a thousand times before. . . . If Father even saw the mob which surged forward as he appeared, I'll warrant not a person in the mob realized it. Without a glance to right or left, without even a pause, without a second of hesitation, he strode directly toward the mob as though he hadn't a care in the world, as though he had no personal interest in the reason why the mob had gathered, and . . .

"What was it about Father that caused the miracle?

"I do not know. I shall never know. This, however, I know because I saw it:

"That mob which surrounded the Legation, mouthing threats to avenge the 'brutal murder' of Pichon in Peking, opened up for Father, far to right and left, and he walked through them, calm and sure of tread, without looking to right or left, unhurried, unafraid, without so much as a

cane in his hand for protection. Nor did the flood of humanity close the path behind him until he had entirely walked through the crowd and had proceeded on his way to answer in person the note sent him by the Foreign Minister. He did not even look back, and silence fell over the mob which he had so simply ignored." All the more remarkable when it is remembered that Yü Keng always wore Chinese dress.

Der Ling's father, we may guess from his rearing of his daughter, was very modern intellectually and much in sympathy with Western ways. Kowtowing he called "silly" and would have none of it; likewise many more substantial customs of the Chinese. Governmental affairs and corruption in Chinese politics are much discussed. Ludicrous pictures of the provincial character of the Chinese at large seem overdrawn and must be used with caution. This is one: After her father had entertained a high official of China in a French hotel for a few hours, he received a bill for eight hundred dollars. Objecting to the amount, the management took him to the rooms to see.

"The servants had made good use of their time.

"They did not understand running water faucets, and had broken the faucets off to get water, and the grand suite of rooms had been flooded before the hotel attachés had discovered it. The servants had smoked their master's water pipe and had spilled burning ash on the rich carpets, burning holes in them in a dozen places. They had broken the washbowls, scarred the fine furniture, and in general had made a wreck of the suite, the finest suite in the Metropole." The conclusion, of course, is that her father paid the bill. This situation is not in keeping with Chinese character and we must remember the author is a Manchu.

The scene is not entirely laid abroad and there is much delightful Chinese atmosphere. We have the description of

her father's headquarters as Provincial treasurer at Wu Chang, and many pictures of Chinese life. Incidentally we learn quite a little about the difference between Manchus and Chinese, of course to the advantage of the Manchus.

There is much light on crimes against world-fellowship which are committed by ignorant, discourteous foreigners. The German minister while being entertained at a Chinese banquet descants on chopsticks, calling them silly. Tourists "made remarks about everything as though they believed every one deaf, dumb, and blind, ignorant of English, or did not really care what impressions they made." We join with the author that some day her "dearest wish" may be fulfilled and "there shall be better understanding between the races, understanding based upon something more substantial than the assumed superiority of the Westerner, who regards the Oriental as scum, beneath his notice, and is surprised when the Oriental occasionally resents this attitude and refuses to bow down and worship."

Der Ling's *Old Buddha* portrays the Empress Dowager and conditions in China during the last years of the empire. The Princess was the favorite lady-in-waiting to the Empress and gives vivid accounts of those exciting days. "Old Buddha," "the tyrant," and "the greatest woman of China," as she is variously called, stands out in bold relief against the background of court-life, imperial magnificence, intrigue, and duplicity. We hear much of Kwang Hsu, the Emperor who was planning reforms for China, Yuan Shih Kai, "the Judas" who betrayed the Emperor's trust and defeated all his plans, the revolution, the Boxer uprising, the downfall of the empire, and, along with it all, a few love affairs thrown in. Very picturesque and absorbing reading! Not so widely informing as *Kowtow* and much more reliable, for this book is limited to the affairs of court.

SUN YAT SEN

For the revolutionary background of China, we take Sun Yat Sen. Upton Close, in his *Eminent Asians*, has a splendid résumé of Sun's character, the galling conditions in China at that time, and Sun's achievements in revolutionizing them. The chapter is mainly a character sketch, but for giving quickly a background of the Chinese political situation at the time of the revolution it is excellent. The Upton Close style is as great an attraction as the information set forth.

We quote: "Sun Yat-sen's life was a reversal of traditional Chinese philosophic attitude; his deification is a reversal of the too common Chinese trait of amiably doubting all human excellence. Only a career more dramatic than fiction could have induced the earth's most experienced and sophisticated nation to give way to this unrestrained adulation."

He lists a page of most curious paradoxes of this Chinese, at the same time showing Chinese character in general as influenced by Western civilization. Especially good is the paragraph explaining his title, "Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Republic of China": "A correspondent asked him who appointed him to that office. He planted his huge sampan-shot feet, lifted his skull cap to scratch his head with the long nail of his little finger, and replied, 'Why, I appoint myself.'"

He gives us dramatically this unusual man's beginnings: "Within a year the young doctor was operating an office and four dispensaries. But, while he dispensed eye droppers and salved head scabs, he saw visions of himself leading the world's most ancient nation back to its rightful position of international dignity.

"Soon a plan came to him. Abandoning his practice, he strode upon the stage of public affairs with a breath-taking

gesture. Accompanied by a zealous young merchant he went, at his own expense, without herald or introduction, to Tientsin, sixteen hundred miles by coasting steamer, and bearded the most powerful and haughty mandarin in China, Marquis Li Hung-chang, vice-regent of the Empress Dowager, in his own magnificent den.

"The twenty-seven-year-old physician, clothed in ill-fitting European clothes, stood before the vermilion-robed satrap who had dominated China thirty years and had been fawned upon in all the courts of Europe, to demand an immediate reform of his administration under four categories. Already Sun was a master of sententious phrases. Set forth in balanced lines of four ideographs each, his program was: Full development of men's abilities; full exploitation of earth's resources; full use of material instruments (railways, machinery, etc.); and unhampered flow of commerce."

Close traces the adventurer's progress in revolutionary activities: He was suspected and the authorities were searching for him. ". . . The doctor was let down over Canton wall in a coolie's basket, while behind shut gates the city was being searched for him. Sun conceived a terror of being caught like a caged animal. He developed a very non-Chinese aversion to walls, and his first act, when he came into local power years later, was to have Canton city wall torn down, leveled, and its site made a boulevard. And wall-leveling has become a tenet of Nationalist creed."

Mr. Close tells of Sun's big work in organizing the "Sworn-Together Association," and in touring the world with his propaganda for reorganization of China. Enhancing the account is Sun's "disarming frankness and engaging sincerity" which always drew followers to him.

His people sometimes resented Sun's attitude of wanting

to be all. His calm belief in himself was nothing short of marvelous, even after repeated defeats. Just before his death he gave orders that he be interred at Nanking "on the slope of Purple Mountain beside the huge tumulus of the Great Ming. This is his sublimely challenging estimate of his own greatness, flung from defeat and misery to a supercilious world. The time will come, he implies, when the blasé 'Southern Capital' will boast equally of the tombs of Sun Yat-sen and Ming the Founder. Let the reader attest that he was right!"

Sun Yat Sen has left us the *Memoirs of a Chinese Revolutionary*. He found his people doubted his plan of reconstruction for China on the grounds of the old Chinese proverb that "Actions are difficult, but knowledge is easy." The daring reformer was so imbued with the ultimate inevitability of his program of reconstruction, and with the ability of his people to do, once they were convinced, that he here set out to show them the error of that old philosophy. Half the book is devoted to this and the other half to revolutionary problems. The theme is largely philosophical and argumentative. For biography of Sun we prefer Cantlie's *Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China*.

A more recent biography is that by Restarick. It is valuable for the author's information as to Sun's early years, but for the latter part of his life it does not pretend to be more than an outline. Cantlie's life is far more personal and vivid and a much better literary production. But Restarick had more accurate information about Sun than Cantlie had; he even corrects the latter sometimes. Restarick's book makes a good supplement to Cantlie's. Both are impressive of the high character of the Chinese hero and the great need of the Chinese nation.

James Cantlie established a college of medicine for the

Chinese in Hong Kong and there Sun Yat Sen came as a student. The ability and the industry of the young Chinese made a good impression and Mr. Cantlie kept in touch with him after Mr. Sun had finished his course, even after he had begun to venture into other fields than medicine. A close personal friendship developed, and he followed the astounding career of his former student not only with interest but with self-sacrificing devotion. Every one who came to know Mr. Sun seems to have been strongly attached to him; even spies and soldiers sent to capture him were won by his charming personality and went away to work for him instead of against him.

Mr. Cantlie says: "I have never known any one like Sun Yat Sen; if I were asked to name the most perfect character I ever knew, I would unhesitatingly say Sun Yat Sen. In our house he was the most welcome of visitors; children and servants alike conceived a deep regard for him; his sweetness of disposition, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his interesting conversation, and his gracious demeanor attract one towards him in an indescribable manner, and have led me to think of him as a being apart, consecrated for the work he had in hand."

Another time, in analyzing Mr. Sun's attractions, he says that they may be summed up by the Christian words, "Faith, Hope and Charity—a firm faith in the belief that was within him, hope for the speeding regeneration of China, and charity towards neighbors."

Having a person introduced to us in such a glorious manner, and finding such a strong personal attachment to him, naturally arouses enthusiasm for him and his work. *Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China* is James Cantlie's account of both. A brief historical survey of the high civilization early attained by China, the high-handed rule of the

Manchus, and the gradual decline of Chinese civilization are all set before us. Restoring China to her normal self was the revolutionary task of Sun Yat Sen.

Interspersed with history and narration of political conditions are thrilling tales of Sun's various captures and escapes—likewise of his foresight. While striving to overthrow the existing government, he was at the same time training the youth of the country for carrying the leadership of the new government. For fifteen years he was having the most promising Chinese students in the country educated abroad. When the new cabinet was made up it was composed of the best men China possessed and they were all Sun's foreign-educated protégés.

The book is rather poorly organized, but it is full of information. The author's enthusiasm makes it easy and enjoyable reading.

SOUMAY TCHENG

Another outstanding biography for China is that of *A Girl from China*, Soumay Tcheng by Bessie Van Vorst. Soumay was one of the youthful promoters of the Chinese revolution. The book is full of intrigue, thrilling adventure, and daring achievement, interspersed with valuable information about political situations and historical events. We are told about the wiles of the Dowager Empress in holding the reins of government against the legitimate heir and against the efforts to introduce modern science and progressive reforms. We are told how she intrigued with the Manchus and Boxers to hold her own and how she plotted the Boxer uprising. We are shown the growing restlessness of the young Chinese and how they questioned the starvation and floods of China, but could get no satisfaction. Finally we are in the midst of the students who are banding themselves together to overthrow

the old Empress. Soumay is plotting with revolutionary groups, carrying bombs and eluding spies. She was in dangerous business and she knew it, and yet she always sees the humor of the situation. Here is one adventure in carrying bombs:

"Fortunately I was alone in my compartment.

"All of a sudden a strange, sinister noise made itself heard, a gentle, spluttering, whistling sound which came from directly under my feet. I thought of course that the dynamite I had with me was getting ready to explode. Summoning all my courage, I lifted up the valise and put it on the cushion of the seat. At eighteen I knew more about revolutionary ideals than about the science of pyrotechnics, and I was absolutely sure that I had only a few more moments to live. Standing firmly planted before my fatal charge, I waited for the explosion. . . .

"After a long time I began to suspect that this strange whistling noise was coming from pipes which heated the train. A little cloud of steam appeared to confirm me in this belief."

Along with the rest are explanations of the removal of the capital from Peking to Nanking and of the duplicity of Yuan Shi Kai. There is a pathetic account of her conservative father, and how out of respect for him she refrained from discussing with him those questions which were nearest her heart. When her loneliness threatened to overcome her, she comforted herself with the thought that it was not for her family alone that she was working, "but for all China, for our magnificent people, so brave and so miserable."

The book is remarkable for its first-hand information and its intimate views of Chinese life. It is delightfully personal, and for excitement as good as any detective story.

SHENG CHENG

A modern biography of China is *A Son of China*, by Sheng Cheng. In general plan and substance, this reminds one of Sugimoto's *Daughter of the Samurai*, but as a piece of literature the son of China cannot equal the daughter of Japan. The son does not seem to be so devoted to his country as the daughter is to hers; he does not show us nearly so much that is beautiful and he lacks her poetical, artistic style. He says: "China has done a great deal to make death beautiful. The artistry expended upon the living in China is not so great as that expended upon the dead." And, "Civilized China believes in nothing"; modern China he characterizes as "Civilization. Action. Barbarity. Reaction." Of the agents negotiating a Chinese marriage, they "are good diplomats; they continue to negotiate up until the very eve of the nuptial day. Lie after lie." All this may be enlightening, but the critical, sarcastic attitude cannot fascinate and charm as can the more positive devoted attitude. His abruptness of style is a drawback.

However, none of this need condemn the book. It gives much information, especially in the contradictory situations which it reflects. This very characteristic of the book makes its picture of modern China all the more true to life. He has taken his own mother as his chief character and seeks, through telling of her life and her teachings, to give an intimate understanding of China. We only regret that the mother entirely disappears from the scene for such long periods of time. Indeed the grandmother is just about as much in evidence. She is "the Empress Dowager of the family." The author's childhood memories give us a whole chapter of delightful Chinese legends and another of Chinese festivals. There is occasional philosophizing which shows us the real Chinese mind and there is much about

the revolution. Sheng Cheng was a mere boy when republican ideas were beginning to grip the people, but he was swept into the current of the reformers and his experiences give us the reaction upon the family life as well as upon the national life.

Sheng Cheng excels in his interpretation of modernism in China.

M. T. F.

My Chinese Marriage tells of the married life of an American girl and a Chinese. It is doubly interesting, of course, because of the light it sheds on the inter-marriage question and because it shows us intimate Chinese home life from the viewpoint of a foreigner. It was a very happy marriage. The American girl loved her husband's people and her Chinese home. She even lived in the home of the mother-in-law and took the part of the first daughter-in-law, which means being first assistant in the care of the home, yet she cannot say too much for the Chinese.

Her aim in writing the book is evidently to help her fellow-countrymen know and appreciate the Chinese as she does. She found them always courteous and considerate. She takes us with her in the household arrangements and the family customs and we find many of our traditional ideas about the Chinese are contradicted. She gives instance after instance of astounding toleration and understanding shown her by her husband's people. Especially touching is her farewell to China, when her husband's parents express the wish that the custom of their country may be followed in leaving some, or one at least, of her children to stay in China with them. But, understanding the American attitude that children belong first with their parents, these gracious Chinese put aside their own loneliness and tradition of possession and acquiesce in having all

three of the children taken to America. Yet the parting is entirely in love.

Description has only a minor place in the book, but now and then we find a fitting background of exquisite gardens, carved wood, gold embroideries, and brocaded silks, and an atmosphere of sounding gongs, wreaths of incense, and sociable teas. For so small a book, it gives an unusually rich and intimate acquaintance with the Chinese of the upper class.

HOSIE

Lady Hosie is an Englishwoman who has spent many years in China and has many close acquaintances among the Chinese. As the wife of a consular officer she had unusual opportunity to know the high class of the country. She writes in a delightfully informal conversational style. Her *Portrait of a Chinese Lady and Certain of Her Contemporaries* is not biography, strictly speaking. It does not give the entire life of any one person, but it does give character sketches of many people and intimate chapters from their lives. Mrs. Sung, a special friend, appears often, and friends of hers and other friends of Lady Hosie's. All the main characters are of modern China. Mrs. Sung is captivating in her daintiness, her culture, and her understanding. We feel more humanly bound to all Chinese after laughing with her loving, romping children.

Mrs. Wu is another character not soon forgotten, "a dauntless worker bee" so fearful for Chinese women and so yearning for cooperation from Western women to see their Eastern sisters through the readjustments of modernism. Long conversations on marriage and self-support, sorrowful tales of concubines, and the radical modernism of Chinese girls arouse great sympathy for the situation of women in China today.

Lady Hosie tells what she learns of the economic and social conditions in China. She hunts out the needy in lower decks, in alleys, and in the open country, and dines out with the élite in Shanghai or Peking. From poverty to luxury she sees it all. She hears of escapades with bandits and recounts unusual experiences of the humanity of that class. The book is a moving picture of the many-sided life of China.

Lady Hosie has another book of this type which is equally interesting, *Two Gentlemen of China*. This shows family life as it was in old China. The scene is laid in China during the war troubles of 1912. When the women of the Legation were forced to flee for safety she went to Chinese friends, spending several weeks in the family of a modern mandarin of Tientsin. This gives far more intimate views of family life and much more personal acquaintance with the Chinese than does the other; it is only to be regretted that these experiences occupy only the latter half of the book.

Many interesting facts and customs of family life are revealed and the spirit of fun throughout the book is most enjoyable. The rollicking, romping children and the teasing brother cause much laughter, as do the author's attempts to use Chinese and the attempts of her Chinese friends to use English. The witty father of the family adds greatly to the enjoyment. Though we forget all the details of the book, this spirit of fun must abide with us always as a precious perfume. To find fun so eminently characteristic of the Chinese is usually a surprise but also a delight. There is no surer way to endear people to each other than this—of laughing together.

Lady Hosie has avoided all controversy and has made no attempt to draw conclusions. Even when telling of the modern spirit in China, she merely tells what she sees of

its progress and of the opposition to it; her personal opinion is kept hidden. This is part of the value of the book; nothing inharmonious is allowed to intrude upon her good-fellowship with the Chinese.

Another value of the book is the feeling it gives of personal acquaintance with the Chinese. No one who has read it would ever again be able to say "Chinese all look alike to me." Lady Hosie leads us to distinguish between individuals of another race just as we do between individuals of our own race.

COLLECTIONS

There are also some collections for China. Margaret E. Burton's *Notable Women of China* is especially good for the pioneers it includes. There are eight or ten names: several physicians, a social worker and a teacher. All are people about whom it is hard to find information.

Another good collection is *Torchbearers in China*, by Basil Mathews and A. E. Southon. Both are written in simple narrative style, which makes them especially suitable to young people. It is to be regretted that the latter book now and then gives vent to some didactic statements. They almost spoil it.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA

MASARYK

The life of Thomas Masaryk reads like a romance; no less, that of his people, the Czechs. His life typifies theirs. To know of his origin and development is to understand the Czech people and have sympathy for small nations. Born into poverty, his boyhood clambered over coachmen, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and other laborers. He had to contend with a foreign people and a foreign language, even at home, and a religion for which he soon lost all respect. The schooling of the day was mechanical, with little aim other than to instill German ideas and subservience to German rule. Yet he early defied poverty, renounced Catholicism, laid hold of education, and looked for a way out of German rule.

His achievements are inspiring. He roused his down-trodden people out of despair to self-esteem and national loyalty. He revived the fast-dying Czech language and recreated a nation. In the process, he learned six or seven languages, became conversant with the affairs of other nations and made a place for his own people among them. His interpretation of the Czech spirit also interprets his own: "Not by violence, but by peaceful effort; not by the sword, but by the ploughshare; not by blood, but by work; not by death, but by life and the striving for life."

C. J. C. Street has written a very appreciative life of Masaryk. The personal and the political phases of the life are well balanced. The book is clear and accurate without being heavy.



EGYPT

GAIRDNER

Temple Gairdner of Cairo, by Constance E. Padwick, reminds one of the *Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss*. Both books are absorbingly interesting; each tells about a great character, but neither tells much about the country or people where the scene is laid. One can easily be content with Daniel Bliss, of course, or with Temple Gairdner, but such ardent missionaries create a desire to know the people of their adoption and we should be the richer for knowing them.

Temple Gairdner was a character altogether lovely. Of an unusually artistic nature, his talents were thrown out prodigally for any who might enjoy them. He was a genius at the piano. Hard-worked, soul-hungry people who had little opportunity to hear good music found the Gairdner home flooded with music for them every week. "Three or four friends would wander in on the evening kept for music and give themselves up to the peacefulness of a dark room lighted only at the piano. In that house one listened to music in silence. . . . Then a light would be turned up, . . . some new guest discovered and greeted with a cheer before the room plunged once more into darkness and harmony." Gairdner had a genius for sharing music and drawing a whole roomful into his enthusiasm. No wonder the gatherings outgrew the room and the simple weekly program. He appreciated the music of the Near East and regretted the poor music of the West which many missionaries brought into the church. It was like him to

hunt out suitable Oriental tunes and to collect them in a hymnal for Arabic use. Gairdner's household knew him to be an actor also. His children would roll with laughter as he acted out stories for them. Finally he became seriously interested in drama, and dramatized many Bible narratives that were published in Arabic. Not only music and drama, but poetry and painting served him for the enrichment of his church. Strangers who entered it were impressed by the beauty and spirituality of the worship service.

Dominating all else was the high idealism of the man. A paragraph in his diary was typical of his whole life. "For me the die is cast: the only way to peace and self-realization which is indeed Salvation, is, for me, the way of spirituality. . . . Only sometimes . . . the heart looks wistfully back at some of those closed avenues which one sees other men treading, and whispers, 'you have aimed too high, and may miss all; aim lower, and you will at least attain something.' It cannot be, it cannot be. 'Onward to the starry track, glimmering up the heights beyond me, on and ever on.'" His abandonment to Christ and his devotion to prayer illumined the world for him, and no less illumined him for those who knew him. Bishop MacInnes said of his friend that never once did he hear him say a word which could not have come from his Master. The prayers in his diary are beautiful both in language and in spirit. The frequent accounts of his utter lack of self-consciousness in prayer and his habitual dependence upon it read like the life of Jesus. Not often do we find such intimate accounts of a deeply religious life that are not spoiled by the telling. Reading about his life creates a longing for his spirituality. It was tragic that he should have been left for long years with so little help; he was overburdened with teaching and the thousand and one details of pastoral care. He was never able to give full expression

to all his intellectual and artistic gifts. Yet he counted everything joy. One friend writes, "It was his enjoyment of everything that made him such good company." And another, "He was the greatest living testimony of the joyfulness of Christianity."

Gairdner achieved better than he knew. He established a church in Cairo in which Egyptians, Syrians and Europeans are marvelously welded together as one whole. He influenced at least one group of students to continue his work in the Moslem world. Many whom he knew not of have received of his spirit. All who were touched by it were uplifted.

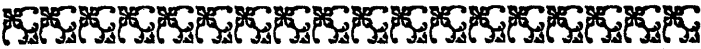


HUNGARY

PAWLOWSKA

A Child Went Forth, by Yoï Pawlowska, shows Hungarian village life through the memories of a childhood there. It is a quaint picture of thatched cottages, houses hidden by high walls and trees, gardens, vineyards, friendly domestic animals, and whole-hearted genial people living in the midst of it all. We have glimpses of fur caps, high boots, full skirts, white bodices, and bright ribbons. Occasionally there are roving bands of gypsies, a goose girl sitting bare-legged on the grass with her hundreds of geese moving noisily about her, or more stirring scenes, ". . . the men with their white linen trousers rolled up to their thighs and twisted in at the waist, . . . treading the grapes with their bare feet." When the treading of the grapes is finished, a huge wreath is made of the largest bunch of grapes and carried in front of the last load taken home. "They hung it on a pole with cords. It looked beautiful, a mass of pale green and deep purple grapes and autumn-brown grape leaves tied with the Hungarian colors."

The general impression made is that Hungarian villagers are little different from villagers at home. Their dress may be different and their customs different, but they have jealousy and anger, joy and sorrow, dances and funerals much as we do. The main difference seems to be that with them religion is made up of saints and angels, ghosts and devils, and a far-away God.



INDIA

GANDHI

India is one of the countries which are richest in good biographies. We have known India longer than we have China. Missionary work began in India at least a century earlier than it did in China.

First, of course, is Gandhi. His autobiography should head our list for India, but there are better biographies of Gandhi than the one he has written. The latter, as its title indicates, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*, is too introspective and rambling to appeal to Western readers. He seems to have left no thought or deed uncovered, but to have seized eagerly the opportunity for a confessional. Confessions of an opium eater or confessions of a murderer may fascinate, but these confessions, by reason of self-analysis, do not attract. He tells much of minor importance: all about his ailments, physical as well as spiritual, and all about his quarrels with his wife. The style also is unattractive, and the book is awkward and disconnected.

More attractive to Western readers is the life of Gandhi which Andrews has compiled from the foregoing. It is in two volumes entitled: *Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story*, and *Mahatma Gandhi at Work: His Own Story Continued*. These books give the substance of the autobiography and put it in far more readable style. Omission of some details and introspections is an asset, and we still have much of Gandhi's own writing.

Another study of the great leader of India, by C. F. Andrews, is called, *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas, Including Selections from His Writings*. The chronological order in which Gandhi's beliefs are considered makes the work practically a biography. It gives the background needed for understanding what Gandhi says and does and presents his own words, thus dispensing with the usual biased interpretation. The author, being a friend and admirer of Gandhi and familiar with both Eastern and Western civilizations, is able to show us the struggle between Gandhi's ideals and our civilization. This is perhaps the most fascinating character study we have of the Mahatma. It has that more personal note which we miss in Rolland's work, and makes a fitting supplement to it. It is indispensable to an understanding of Gandhi.

A book easily read, small and popular in style, is that by Gray and Parekh, *Mahatma Gandhi; an Essay in Appreciation*. It is especially good for thorough treatment in concise form.

We have a classic life of Gandhi by Romain Rolland, *Mahatma Gandhi: The Man Who Became One with the Universal Being*. It is obviously written from a distance, but gives reliable accounts of the man as well as of his movement. Rolland presents both sides of the question and does not hesitate to show that even Gandhi is not always able to control his followers. He gives way to no outbursts against England, but is eloquent on behalf of Gandhi. This is a small book but is so packed with information as to need to be taken slowly.

A chapter by Joseph F. Hall in his *Eminent Asians* is a forcible character study, but we miss selections from Gandhi's writings. Those given by Andrews are especially well chosen.

TAGORE

For sheer artistic merit, poetic style, and beauty of thought, *My Reminiscences*, by Tagore, could not be excelled. The book is a joy as well as a revelation of the author's character, but his life is only partially given.

Tagore says in the introduction: "I had thought to be content with selecting some few materials for my life's story. I then discovered, as I opened the door, that life's memories are not life's history, but the original work of an unseen artist. . . . It is as literary material that I offer my memory pictures. To take them as an attempt at autobiography would be a mistake."

This work is a collection of reminiscences, tinged with philosophy, and since the book was published in 1917 it is manifestly incomplete. But, for all that, there are some revealing glimpses of life in India as Tagore knew it. He has strong memories of poor schools, hard tutors, and little contact with his parents. He describes fascinating houses with inner and outer rooms and courts and gardens. He tells about little boys in the Brahmin retreat, supposedly offering oblations and chanting, but playing many pranks all the while.

As a sample of Tagore's way in this book, we quote from his reflections on death. It is typical of his inimitable blending of beauty and truth:

"The acquaintance which I made with death at twenty-four was a permanent one. . . .

"That there could be any gap in the unbroken procession of joys and sorrows of life was a thing I had no idea of. I could therefore see nothing beyond, and this life I had accepted as all in all. When Death came in and of a moment made a gaping rent in its smooth-seeming fabric, I was utterly bewildered. All around, the trees, the soil,

the water, the sun, the moon, the stars, remained as immovably true as ever; and yet the person who was as truly there, who, through a thousand points of contact with life, mind, and heart, was ever so much more true to me, had vanished in a moment like a dream. What perplexing self-contradiction it all seemed to me as I looked around! How was I ever to reconcile that which remained with that which had gone?

"The terrible darkness which was disclosed to me through this rent continued to attract me night and day as time went on. I would ever and anon return to take my stand there and gaze upon it, wondering what there was left in place of what had gone. Emptiness is a thing a man cannot bring himself to believe in; that which is *not* is untrue; that which is untrue is not. So our efforts to find something, where we see nothing, are unceasing. . . .

"The all-pervading pressure of worldly existence compensates itself by balancing life against death, and thus it does not crush us. The terrible weight of an unopposed life force has not to be endured by man—this truth came upon me that day as a sudden, wonderful revelation.

"With the loosening of the attraction of the world, the beauty of nature took on for me a deeper meaning. Death had given me the correct perspective from which to perceive the world in the fulness of its beauty, and as I saw the picture of the Universe against the background of Death I found it entrancing."

For Tagore we have no satisfactory biography. There are two very fine literary studies of him, one by Edward Thompson, *Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist*, and one by Ernest Rhys, *Rabindranath Tagore: A Biographical Study*. Both consider the man mainly as an author and of course leave his personal life untold.

RAMAKRISHNA
VIVEKANANDA

Rolland in his *Prophets of the New India* has set himself a difficult task—leading the Western world to appreciate India's prophets. There is no doubt about Rolland's appreciating them. The two with whom he is mainly concerned, Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, he counts among the great of all time. Both men lived during the latter part of the nineteenth century and both were characterized by the proverbial Indian mysticism. Ramakrishna was especially a man of visions and ecstasies, but Rolland's sympathetic understanding of them enables us to tolerate them for the sake of the highly sensitive nature that needed thus to surmount the sorrows and the hurts of the world.

Ramakrishna was an idealist. He identified himself with all sorts and conditions of men and recognized that "all religions lead by different paths to God." But more than that—he was a thinker who developed a deep, broad religion and gathered together disciples who have had such a profound effect upon their country that it is being spoken of in terms of the "New India." His religion was not one of creed or ritual; it was a vital belief that God is in everything and that he is everything. It required a severe discipline to keep body, senses, and spirit pure, and it called for work "without attachment," that is, work done without the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. His religion was made up of the best from all the great religions; he had practised each for a long enough time to have entered into the heart of it. How much Christianity had become a part of his religion is evidenced by the meeting his disciples held following his death. After their customary meditation, Vivekananda broke the silence by telling the story of Jesus, beginning with his birth and following through

the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Pentecost. Rolland says: "The many points of similarity in thought and action as well as the relationship with the disciples, between Christ and Ramakrishna, forcibly brought to their mind the old days of ecstasy with their Master. The words of Christ the Redeemer rang upon their ears as familiar sayings. . . . The fire of Pentecost consumed their souls in the peace of the Bengal village, and the mingled names of Christ and Ramakrishna stole upon the air." The order established to carry on his faith was founded upon Hindu meditation and built of Christian service.

Vivekananda was the foremost of Ramakrishna's disciples and, at their leader's death, by common consent assumed the leadership. Vivekananda was characterized especially by his stress on intellectual pursuits: "he read them [his disciples] the great books of human thought, he explained to them the evolution of the human mind, he forced them to dry and impassioned discussion of all the great philosophical and religious problems, he led them indefatigably towards the wide horizons of boundless Truth which surpass all the limits of schools and races, and embrace and unify all particular truths."

Ramakrishna's apprenticeship lay through ecstatic experiences; Vivekananda's through wanderings. For years Vivekananda wandered through India as a beggar, then for more than three years he wandered around the world. Through this pilgrim life he gained knowledge of the beliefs and ideals of other castes and races. He lived with thieves and outcasts, learned to know potential saints, and entered into the truths of all the great religions. At last the fever and passion of his soul ran their course; he found himself and knew his mission. He came back to preach against all personal salvation, to advocate "public salvation," as Rol-

land says, "regeneration of the mother country, resurrection of the spiritual powers of India and their diffusion throughout the universe."

Now he was beset with the idea of conducting a mission in the West. It was 1893 when the Parliament of Religions was to be held in America. Vivekananda had heard that there was to be such a parliament; he did not know where in America nor the requirements of admission, but he went. He had neither money nor credentials and he had harrowing experiences, but by dint of personal attractiveness and real ability he won his admission. He was called upon to speak for India; he had not expected this and he had made no preparation, yet he made so great a speech that he was called upon ten or eleven times afterward. His fame spread rapidly, even back to India, and he was much in demand. For a time he was fascinated with America and England. He toured both countries and had many followers for his lectures and his classes, but finally he penetrated the materialism and the superficiality of the West and returned empty-handed and disillusioned. His purpose, "to take to India the money and goods acquired by Western civilization and to take the West the spiritual treasures of India," finally had to be renounced. He returned to his homeland declaring that India must be regenerated from within. But his trip West gained him authority and recognition. He found multitudes waiting to welcome him home. He soon gathered together a seminary and founded the Ramakrishna Mission for disseminating the teachings of the leader it commemorated. Herein we see evidence of his contact with the West; the discipline and organization of the mission and the modern balance he maintained between contemplation and action, renunciation and service, art and science, the spiritual and the material. His plan for the

mission included five years of social service and five years of intellectual apprenticeship before access to the "spiritual initiation." Sanskrit, Oriental and Western philosophy, manual work, and meditation alike were taught there. Never before had India known so inclusive a religion.

The "New India," then, is old India awakened and rousing to her best. Rolland will not admit that any of her prophets were divine in the supernatural way in which India calls them divine, but he finds them great because they combine reason and faith and seek to unite all humanity through God. To unite East and West has long been a passion with Romain Rolland. He rejoices therefore to find leaders of India with a similar passion and we, as his readers, may not be able to enter into his enthusiasm, but we do respond with real enjoyment to acquaintance with them.

SUNDAR SINGH

Another of India's well-known sons has been satisfactorily treated by a Western writer: *The Message of Sâdhu Sundar Singh*, by B. H. Streeter and A. J. Appasamy, is an interesting interpretation of the Sâdhu. Most illuminating are the chapters on his creed, his peace, and his ecstatic visions. Quotations from his writings are full and always to the point. The authors say the Sâdhu's effectiveness is explained by his directness, simplicity, unusual appearance, and utter devotion to his Christ. He follows the Franciscan ideal of no pay in money.

Friedrich Heiler in his *Gospel of Sâdhu Sundar Singh*, has given a more complete treatment of the Sâdhu. The biography is considerably longer and the treatment of his religion more thorough. The closing chapter on "The Significance of Sundar Singh" is especially satisfactory. This Indian's importance to Christianity in his country is compared to that of Augustine and Thomas Aquinas in Western

Christianity. His "significance for Christian missions in India cannot be overestimated. . . . That which the Sâdhu has to show to Western Christendom is the lost treasure hid in the field, the precious pearl, the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity, greatness, and power."

He is furnishing for India what he, himself, says India needs: "We Indians do not want a doctrine, not even a religious doctrine, we have had enough and more than enough of that kind of thing; we are tired of doctrines. We need the Living Christ. India wants people who will not only preach and teach, but workers whose whole life and temper is a revelation of Jesus Christ."

SAROJ NALINI

Alongside these biographies of Indian men, we place one of an Indian woman, *A Woman of India: Being the Life of Saroj Nalini*, by G. S. Dutt. Saroj Nalini was a typical Bengali woman in her devotion to her home, but, contrary to the ancient customs of India, she was also a modern reformer of the Western type. She had been reared in the orthodox ideals for Hindu women, but she was highly educated and she married a Westerner, an officer in the employ of the Indian Civil Service. Much travel and partnership with her husband in all he did brought her understanding of Western customs and ability to adapt them to the good of her people.

This book is the story of Saroj Nalini's life as told by her husband. It is brief, but it is notable for showing us at once the Hindu ideal of womanhood and the progress of enlightenment among the women of India. This beloved wife and ideal home-maker spent most of her days outside of her home in the midst of crowds. Her passion for India's women drove her to investigation of conditions behind the purdah and to examination of the schools. Both were too

bad to tolerate; in order to relieve these conditions she founded the Women's Institute Movement in India. She traveled all over the country in the work. Her courage in overcoming the opposition of the older order was remarkable. The account of her work is also an excellent account of conditions among the women of India.

The glory of this woman lay in her ability to minister to society, at the same time preserving the Hindu ideal of womanly graces and a charming home life. She had the rare combination of intellectual and domestic achievements. This biography recalls that of Alice Freeman Palmer, especially in its reflection of the husband's devotion to his wife and his keen appreciation of her intellectuality.

COLLECTIONS

Women in Modern India, compiled by Evelyn Gedge, contains little biography of individuals—only Pandita Ramabai and Ramabai Ranade—but much biography of women in general. The fact that it is all written by women of India gives a sense of personal acquaintance with them. We learn of the high position of woman in the early history of India—how she traveled about freely, had a part in the choice of a husband, had economic position, and chose whatever vocation she wished. The modern depressed state of woman in that country out of which she is just emerging is due to a temporary decline of the whole country; "intellectually and psychologically woman in India has never lost her honored place; . . . she has to fight more against unjust customs than against unfair laws," but she is winning. She is being successful in educational fields, in literary work, in law, in the fine arts, and in social work. Special names are mentioned here and there, giving glimpses of the representative women of modern India.

Mrs. Parker has a collection called *Children of the Light*

in India. It contains a list of fifteen names, and many of them cannot easily be found elsewhere. Each sketch is brief and the style is stiff and awkward, but the interesting facts and the unusual personalities counterbalance.

There is need for full biographies of other Indian women.

CAREY

As for the missionaries, they have several fine biographies, still not as many as they should have. Some of the great pioneers of India are yet little known by modern writers. We have two very good biographies of William Carey: one by F. D. Walker, *William Carey, Missionary Pioneer and Statesman*, and the other by a relative, S. Pearce Carey, *William Carey, D.D., Fellow of Linnaean Society*.

Walker's book is more concise than Carey's, yet gives fine insight into Carey's character and personal living. The narrative moves forward easily without being encumbered by details. It gives the historical background without being heavy. It is full of religious enthusiasm and missionary zeal without being at all pious. The account of Carey's conviction that the command to teach all nations was binding not only upon the apostles, but upon all people for all time, is convincingly told. The years show him unfalteringly pursuing his aim of educating the people to this belief. We feel his thrill of joy when he finally formed a missionary society and succeeded in getting himself appointed as a missionary. In plain, matter-of-fact fashion, we are shown Carey's early habits of language study; as a schoolboy learning Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Dutch, and Italian, and every day reading a chapter of the Bible in each of these languages. Translating the Bible into forty-four Indian vernaculars came as a natural sequel. And we can

believe it when we hear that translating the Bible became the passion of his life. Yet all this is told very quietly and calmly.

S. P. Carey's life is somewhat longer and more detailed than Walker's and has the special attraction of a lavish number of photographs, all taken particularly for this book. The work gains much in an atmosphere of intimacy with Carey by virtue of the pages of comments preceding each chapter—comments from people who knew Carey or who had had some personal connection with the theme of the chapter. The book also abounds in rich selections from his letters. We frequently find S. Pearce can speak with conviction where Walker merely speculated, and often he gives a full explanation of matters which Walker merely touched upon. Thus the "rags of righteousness," which Carey's sister Mary so objected to in William's prayer, we find did not refer to her or others at all, but to himself only. Also S. Pearce throws more light on the refusal of Carey's wife to go to India with him. It was not unfaithfulness, but a just sense of her own lack, as her ultimate insanity proved. And he gives us a more intimate knowledge of the missionary's home relations; the care of the invalid sister Mary, the other relatives supported, and his devotion to his third wife, though another invalid. All this is valuable information as to his character.

MARTYN

For Martyn we have *Henry Martyn, Confessor of the Faith*, by Constance E. Padwick. In the fervor of her devotion to her character, she rather overdoes the hero phase of her work, but despite that the reader is won by the dramatic unfolding of the life.

Despite bodily weakness he persisted in his labors and travels in India and Persia until he had put the whole New

Testament into Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic. The conclusion is very fine. Little is known of the actual death, for he died apart from all friends, among Persians, Armenians, and Turks. His diary tells of his hard journey to Tokat and his uncomfortable lodging in a stable. He was suffering with ague and high fever, and the author simply suggests his wandering last thoughts:

"The everlasting smell of the stable—— But then the Lord was born in a stable. A man could worship there—— But that raging voice!—— Why that never-ending clatter on the cobbles?—— And people too—— There was Corrie; what a friend he was! And Sally, with Cousin Emma, and Sargent, with Dr. Cardew—and Lydia. How her face was shining like a star. All the faces shone with the light of God. . . . Was that an Armenian priest standing at prayer? Simeon had surely come at last with the bread and wine. . . .

"Some weeks later an Armenian named Sergius, hot from travel, carried a bundle of papers into the house of Mr. Isaac Morier at Constantinople and said they came from his master, who had died on October 16, 1812, at Tokat, where the Armenian clergy gave him a Christian burial."

JUDSON

At last we have a readable biography of Adoniram Judson, *Splendor of God*, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. This is written in the form of fiction, much as Maurois's *Ariel* gives the life of Shelley. There are no wearisome details of ancestors and early life. It begins with the scene of action and plunges at once into unimaginable perils and wonders. Ann had alluring beauty and her high courage matched Adoniram's. The story moves rapidly through struggles with languages and sickness, with death

and dungeons, and yet he and Ann make deep footprints on India, and he piles up the translating. And the miracle of his life does not end with Ann. After she is gone, gradually another love flows in and the miraculous story is continued.

Mrs. Morrow covers the main part of Judson's life, closing with the marriage to Mrs. Boardman. She omits the ten years with Mrs. Boardman and about five years more, including a visit to America, the third marriage, and the last few years in India. Completeness is thus sacrificed, but not accuracy, and there is an immense gain in appeal. The vividness in portrayal of Judson and the Indian background as set forth in this dramatic form compensate for the years omitted. The only regret is that there is not more stress on his achievements in translating, and the harrowing difficulties surmounted in that work.

Ann of Ava, by Ethel Daniels Hubbard, is a story of the life of Mrs. Judson. It is hardly more than a sketch, and it does not tell much about the country nor show enjoyable people. Neither does it deal with Mrs. Judson's work, except incidentally. Yet it is well written and arouses interest in the missionary enterprise. It is especially adapted to young people.

DUFF

For Alexander Duff, we have a life by William Paton, *Alexander Duff, Pioneer of Missionary Education*. This is not a mere chronology of events, but a real study of situations and achievements, yet concise and popular in presentation. Duff is made to live as a vivid, heroic personality, with far vision, complete self-abasement, and high enthusiasm for the missionary cause. At the same time, he had faults and failings which mark him as human. His utter oblivion to his wife and children cannot be justified

by his absorption in his work. The last two chapters in the book are especially fine. "The Man Himself" is a character study and "The Christian Educationist" is a study of his methods and achievements in missionary education. His program was to see that the converted Indians were given higher education. In this way, Hinduism and its caste system would be undermined, and with it the Brahminical system and educated agnosticism. In other words, he was convinced that merely teaching the Bible would not be sufficient, but that there must be "instruction in all truth with the Christian revelation as its center."

CLOUGH

John E. Clough has been well portrayed in a little book by H. W. Hines called *Clough: Kingdom Builder in South India*. The book is really juvenile in character but is dramatically enough written to appeal to adults as well. The exploits of courage and adventure make it especially fine for boys.

Clough's autobiography is called *Social Christianity in the Orient*. Besides being his life, it is an account of the social development of missions. The book thrills with adventure: maulings, poisoning, famine, and flood alternate with wagon-loads of idols and thousands of baptisms. At the same time it teems with valuable information as to Indian customs and development of missionary methods. This great friendly soul early realized that human contacts should precede evangelistic effort—"laugh with the people first," as he expressed it. Two other basic principles he laid down; that Christianization must follow Indian customs and that social betterment must go hand in hand with preaching the Gospel. His insistence upon giving precedence to the Indian point of view was rigorously followed in his own life. Native evangelists were self-supporting. Conver-

sions come by tribes and villages. Even instruction he put into Eastern mould.

He says: "I met them halfway. The aggressiveness of the American colporter was changed into the more reposeful ways of the Oriental teacher. Had I retained my Western method of evangelistic work, the Hindus would have tolerated and endured my presence among them—nothing more. . . . The day will come when Western people will cease to expect the people of the East to adopt their customs and forms of thought along with their faith in Jesus."

An especially attractive feature of this book is the sense of close personal acquaintance with this Oriental-American by reason of his autobiographical use of the personal "I."



JAPAN

SUGIMOTO

Japan has produced the most beautiful of world-fellowship books, *A Daughter of the Samurai*, by Etsu I. Sugimoto. Mrs. Sugimoto is of Japanese birth and parentage but has spent much of her life in America, for a time a member of the faculty at Columbia University, teaching Japanese language and history.

The book is of course her autobiography. Her purpose in writing it, she says, was to interpret Japan to America and to try to bring the two peoples to closer understanding of each other. This she is eminently fitted to do because of her love for America as well as for Japan. She speaks of Americans as a "great people, with nothing cramped or repressed about them; both admirable and faulty in a great way; with large person, generous purse, broad mind, strong heart, and free soul." Her fondness for America eventually made a modern woman of her. It is very interesting, and pathetic too, to find her turning against the customs with which she had lived all her life. Contrasting the dignified, quiet, repressed manners of a formal reception in Japan with the free-and-easy gaiety of American gatherings, she becomes quite vehement: "It is not nature; . . . our conventionality is too extreme. It is narrowing to the soul. . . . Our lives in Japan—a man's as well as a woman's—are like our tied-down trees, and our shut-in gardens."

Yet the beautiful pictures she gives of life in Japan show she loved it just the same, and we are made to love it too. The winter snow piled high in the streets and the children

romping through the tunnels under it on their way to school and the large estates with their carefully kept summer gardens are all there. She tells about the arrangement of the Japanese home, showing what it has which our homes lack but also what it lacks as compared to an American home. When she has first gone back to Japan her little girl, pining for her home left in America, takes her mother through the house, indicating in her child-like way all the things she misses—"the deep-cushioned chairs, the large mirrors, the big square piano, the flowered carpets and windows curtained with lace, the high ceiling, the wide rooms, the spaciousness. . . ." Then the mother takes the little girl through the house, showing her the delights which are new to her. "In the parlor I pushed back the low silk doors beneath the moon window, and saw two deep shelves in which were neatly arranged all Hanano's and Chyo's pretty books from America. I pointed to the wonderful panel over the doors—a broad, thin slab of wood, strangely delicate and beautiful—carved by unknown years of dashing waves into its old, inimitable pattern. I showed her the post of the alcove: only the scaled and twisted trunk of a forest pine, yet so polished that it looks as though it were enclosed in crystal. We looked at the rich dark wood of the alcove floor, as smooth and shining as Grandma's mirrors in the big parlor at home! In another room I opened the tiny door of our unused shrine. Within the dainty carved interior stood her father's picture, framed in America. . . . I showed her the big closets where our bed-cushions slept in the daytime, gathering in their silken flowers, talk, music, and laughter to weave into pleasant dreams for her to find hidden in her pillow at night. I gently opened the wee mountain of ashes in the dining-room fire-box so that she could see the softly glowing charcoal, always waiting with warmth and comfort for anyone

who wanted a sip of tea. I had her peep into the tiny drawers—one for small rice cakes of pink and white, in case a child should come to visit, one for extra chopsticks, and one for a tiny can of tea with its large wooden spoon nearby. . . .” And so on through the entire house.

Mrs. Sugimoto’s experiences open the doors on intimate Japanese life; the family council, with the children all excluded, to decide about Etsu’s betrothal, even a real Japanese marriage. The mother’s farewell to her daughter was only a bow, “then she said very gently, ‘A safe journey to you, my daughter,’” and the explanation is given of what otherwise might seem to us a cold, hard custom. “Bowing is not only bending the body; it has a spiritual side also. One does not bow exactly the same to father, younger sister, friend, servant, and child. My mother’s long, dignified bow and gentle-voiced farewell held no lack of deep love, and every other person present also recognized the depth of hidden emotion.”

The arrival of a letter from America causes great family excitement; it is the first ever received. But the mother has the usual Samurai self-control. She ceremoniously hands it to the grandmother to open and the grandmother returns it to the mother to whom it is addressed.

Etsu’s life in America continues the intimate revelations of her character. “Until that evening on the steamer I had never seen a woman displaying bare skin just for the purpose of having it seen. For a while I tried to pretend to myself that I was not embarrassed, but finally, with my cheeks flaming with shame, I slipped away and crept into my cabin berth.”

The story of her first sight of a cherry pie rivals the George Washington cherry stories. She did not get to taste it simply because her husband did not care for cherry pies.

She explains, "No Japanese bride is so disrespectful as to eat a dainty her husband cannot enjoy."

There are light touches of humor throughout the book. Columbus, we are told, was pictured in a Japanese reader as a fisher lad, and somewhere in the story there figured a lacquer bowl and a pair of chopsticks. Funnier still is the tale of the aristocratic Japanese friend who, when she called on Mrs. Sugimoto after the latter's return from America, presented her an elaborate box on which was printed in fancy English letters:

Imported Dainties

a foreign delicacy possessing the fragrance of flowers

Used by ladies and gentlemen

in the

cultured society of Europe and America

It was a large wholesale package of chewing-gum!

The Japanese atmosphere of the book is ever artistic and poetic. Some literal translations frequently used are richly suggestive. For instance, we have reference to "the entrance-into-peace celebration," "the no-god month," "the three inevitables" (referring to birth, marriage and death), and frequent reference to "the shoe-off entrance" and to "the low, ceremonious bow," and we find "honorable" is a word much in demand. Scraps of Japanese poetry and folk-lore add a value all their own—dainty, fanciful, altogether lovely.

But what most binds us to her is her yearning that America and Japan shall come to understand each other and be friends. She says she has learned "that the hearts are the same on both sides of the world; but this is a secret that is hidden from the people of the East, and hidden from the people of the West. . . . The red barbarians and the

children of the gods have not yet learned each other's hearts; to them the secret is still unknown, but the ships are sailing—sailing ——”

MARKINO

When I Was a Child, by Yoshio Markino, has much of the same fascinating Japanese spirit, but Mrs. Sugimoto's conscious reaching out for world-fellowship is lacking. Mr. Markino's main purpose is to show us Japanese character and, as he says in the preface, "to give ample materials for . . . psychological study." Mrs. Sugimoto finds more in common between the two countries than he does, and perhaps loves us more.

The language of this book is quite different also, but has an appeal all its own. Mr. Markino writes in a quaint broken English which plainly says, "I am Japanese; how else could I write?" For instance, when he was sick with malaria he "was quite flat in the bed." Speaking of seeing Japan on the map, "I found out my worshipful country was only such a small island." Of a newly-married American couple, their behavior was "sticky." "Everybody was burst in laughter"; "I am dreaming in a dream"; "these poetries came to my head deeper"; "some lumps grew in my throat"; etc., etc.

His recollections are often amusing. There is the story of how, as a child of eight or nine, he went to call on a physician he liked very much. When the maid came to the door she asked, "Is anybody in your family ill?" and he answered, "No; nobody is ill. I came to see my dear friend, Dr. Takejima, to have a chat." The maid being uncertain what to do, he shouted, "Go to your master and say his friend, Mr. Markino, wants to see him." Whereupon the obliging doctor came out and welcomed the child, calling him "my dear young Mr. Markino."

He tells about a family that wanted to adopt him as a

son and how uncongenial the life was there. When he could no longer stand it, he ran away, leaving them a note which declared, "A big fish could not live in such a small pond."

His jokes and mischief were endless; so also were his emotional upheavals. He says, "All my villagers thought I might so possibly ruin my life on account of love affairs." The narration of the loss of his mother is heart-breaking, as also are humiliating experiences in San Francisco.

He had a great love for the beautiful. A picnic was spoiled for him because the wonderful scenery was desecrated by baseball and races. He goes into raptures over the bamboos and cherry trees and peach blossoms with the nightingales singing amongst them.

Now and then he gives snatches of Japanese legends, proverbs, and poetry, and there is ever a rich background of Japanese customs, but the special stress is on Japanese philosophy and his own reaction to Christianity. He makes us bow before the intelligence of the Japanese and want to apologize for the ignorance of some of our own missionaries. "In Tokyo," we are told, "some leading Japanese Christians founded 'Japan-Christian Association.' The object of it was quite simple. That is to say those Japanese believed in the Bible, but preferred being independent from the missionaries." The latter objected to questions and could not answer them.

He finds us failures as Christians. "I have been carefully observing the Christian life in the Christian countries for the last eighteen years. Whoever of you are directly and really practising every word of 'the Sermon on the Mountain'? I notice you are modifying the words of Christ conveniently to yourselves, and I quite agree with you. But such a method is just like the stage 'buildings.' You cannot live permanently in buildings made for the stage.

"The sincerest humans ought to live in 'the Castle built

on the Rock.' What is the 'Castle on the Rock'? My own 'Castle on the Rock' is my sincerity to my conscience. If my conscience could not believe anything, I could not pretend myself, to stick to it. . . . Why should I be afraid of the Bible? I rather go to the 'hell' as a sincere human than go to 'heaven' as an insincere hypocrite. 'Peace' in my heart is founded entirely upon my own philosophy. . . ."

He and his friends have no use for the "chloroform called religion," neither can their reasonable questions be silenced by pious voices and superficial prayers. He says, "Don't make such an awful artificially trembling voice in front of me. But kindly teach me!" The book shows us ourselves, perhaps, as much as it shows us the Japanese.

NOGUCHI

Noguchi's is a biography that does not tell much about Japan, rather about the Japanese. The first few chapters give his family background—poverty, toil, integrity of character, family devotion, loyalty to friends—an introduction to the peasant class of Japan. He was a poor boy with a deformed hand and a "mind more vigorous than fire." How that hand became deformed and how that mind burned up obstacles is an arousing exposition of Japanese character. Eating little, sleeping under a stairway and depriving himself rigidly, he manages to graduate in science both in Japan and in the United States. He even pushes on to Denmark and Germany to pursue his researches. No amount of work, no hardship daunts him. He seems to need very little sleep. His days run into nights and he spends most of his time in the laboratory. He is continually prodding himself to reach a goal. A picture he paints for himself is typical—a star on one side and cross-bones on the other; it is labeled "Success or suicide." He says, "A man must make his foundation before he is forty." He early

knew English, French, German and Spanish. After only eleven months in this country, he is appearing before the National Academy of Sciences. By twenty-four years of age he has attained a fellowship with the Rockefeller Institute. Soon he is lecturing not only here but abroad. Someone calls him a genius and he hotly denies it, "There is no such thing as genius. It is hard work. That is genius." He is sought out for study of baffling tropical diseases, eventually discovers the yellow fever germ and how propagated. Enormous work,—Africa, Brazil, Ecuador, Mexico,—yet he dies in despondency, not sure that his researches are conclusive. One thing we cannot forgive the author,—he does not say definitely what Noguchi accomplished for prevention of yellow fever. A glorious victory, but the reader is left in Noguchi's uncertainty and despair.

The book is not all taken up with work. He made friends wherever he went, and married an American girl. There are frequent glimpses of his gaiety, his kindness, and his lovable nature. He is often quoted and his quaint English reveals a fascinating personality. The man himself is no less interesting than his work. Europe, the tropics and the Orient all knew him, a real international character.

KAGAWA

Before the Dawn, by Toyohiko Kagawa, is an autobiographical account of the author's life in the slums and of his conversion to Christianity. The book closes with his becoming a social worker and a labor agitator. It is very tedious and is at fault in depicting the repulsive and sordid side of life to the utter neglect of the beautiful. Yet it is a work of real significance because it shows Japanese thought and feeling to be much the same as our own; thereby these far-away people are made real and comprehensible to us. They read the same philosophy we read; they

have the same aspirations and temptations we have; and they have the same needs we have.

VERBECK

We have fine biographies of Japan's three great missionary pioneers: G. H. F. Verbeck, J. C. Hepburn, and S. R. Brown. William Elliot Griffis furnishes us all three. His *Verbeck of Japan: A Citizen of No Country* is an unusual delineation of Japanese history, political conditions, and character as well as of the man himself. All books by Griffis are well written in an easy interesting style, but this one is especially absorbing. Verbeck was a character who should make an absorbing book. He whole-heartedly threw himself into the life of Japan and eventually that Empire took him under its protection, the Emperor granting him a perpetual passport "to travel freely throughout the Empire . . . in the same manner as the subjects of the same, and to sojourn and reside in any locality." Such an honor conferred upon an alien had never before been known in the modern history of Japan.

Griffis wastes no time in telling about parentage and early life, but, contrary to most missionary biography, he begins by giving us a background of Japanese history, then at once he enters into Verbeck's rich experience of life in Japan. Going in 1859, he entered the country in the midst of its old-time customs. He was there when antipathy to Western civilization was so strong that posters were up everywhere offering rewards for anyone suspected of connection with Christianity. Force of circumstances and his own practical, all-around nature as well forbade his limiting his services to teaching and preaching Christianity. It was always his principle to help the Japanese along every line and in every way that he could. He spent his first months using his medical training to investigate epidemics in Japan;

he had a part in founding the first printing press there; he taught English to anyone interested in it, and various other studies desired, doing it gratuitously in his own home. This gave him connection with educational affairs, and soon he was made head of a school of foreign languages and science established by the Japanese. Thus he early became a self-supporting missionary. It was the especial glory of his work that he was the friend of his students. They became warmly attached to him, and later, as they came to positions of influence in governmental affairs, they asked his advice about measures to be adopted. As a direct result of his teaching, he was consulted on the revision of the Japanese national constitution, and eventually asked to move to an Eastern capital that he might start a new university and also be an adviser on international affairs. Verbeck was in Japan from 1859 to 1898. History was making itself rapidly in those days, and the pioneer missionary "was not the least among the living leaders and actual makers of new Japan."

BROWN

A Maker of the New Orient, the life of Samuel R. Brown, stands next to the life of Verbeck in point of interest. In this book more space is given to the author's personal life and to the early conditions in Japan. Dr. Verbeck was a man of action and easily kept pace with the rapidly moving events. Dr. Brown was more exclusively an educator and his was a slower achievement. Yet he lived in the same stirring times. When he first went to Japan it was unsafe for foreigners to go out even in daylight without armed guard. It was a crime to be a Christian and there was not one Japanese Protestant in the whole country. After nineteen years, the Gospel could be taught freely, there were thirteen churches with eight hundred and seven

members, and thirteen well-educated Japanese offered themselves for the ministry. These were eventful years, but Brown's time was largely centered upon teaching and translating, and Griffis is not able to make out of his life as dramatic and absorbing a book as he did out of Verbeck's life.

HEPBURN

Griffis wrote also the best life we have of Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, but again we have to admit that it is not as stirring a book as his *Verbeck of Japan*. Dr. Hepburn was a physician, preacher, and translator. We find him rapidly building up a big practice and squeezing in literary work as well. In order to familiarize himself with Japanese thought and life, he read scores of Japanese novels and the knowledge thus gained served him well in his preaching, in the dispensary, in his Bible class, and in his conversations with people.

In 1867 he got out the first edition of his Japanese dictionary—the work on which all others have been based. This work he revised twice, the third edition appearing in 1886. He also translated some of the New Testament into Japanese.

He had a long ministry in Japan. In 1909, one of the churches there celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Hepburns in their country. Not the least of his achievements was his splendid character which endeared him to the Japanese as their "beloved physician." It is only the lack of spectacular events in his service that makes his biography less interesting than Verbeck's.

DE FOREST

Somewhat later in Japanese history J. H. De Forest went to Japan and his biography has been written by his daughter, Charlotte B. De Forest. This work is especially

valuable as showing modern missionary life in Japan, valuable to prospective missionaries as well as to those reading for general information. It is a scholarly book, bringing out the philosophical viewpoint of the Japanese and the psychological approach required in reaching them with the Christian message, the changes in missionary policy necessitated by the progress and achievement of the Japanese themselves, and the part which international relations play in missionary work.

The following passages show De Forest's general attitude and his consideration of any race among whom the missionaries work:

"Not many years ago, we missionaries had to plan the tours and do the inviting and pay the bills. Now it is the other way: the Christians come to us with well-planned work and ask us kindly to go along and witness for the Master . . .

"The people of every non-Christian land have the right to say freely how they would like to have missionaries work . . . and, if they (the missionaries) are wise men and women, they will not waste their strength in working on lines that create only prejudice against both themselves and their religion; rather they will gladly embrace every opportunity of removing existing prejudice by encouraging the suggestions of thinking people among whom they are working.

"There are now seven workers in the field and I do nothing virtually as far as controlling them is concerned. I employ nobody and give no orders. . . . Their methods are almost wholly in their hands, I being an adviser and helper in every possible way. . . . I do not visit any place at fixed times, but hold myself ready to go at the invitation of anyone."



JEWS

There needs to be a better understanding between Jews and Gentiles ; it is time the world let Jews mingle naturally among the races. To this end, study of them is timely. The Jews are quite self-conscious. They feel keenly the fact that they are without a homeland, but other peoples have been without a homeland or been under the subjection of another race and not been disturbed by it as are these. Undoubtedly there are other reasons for the self-consciousness of the Jews. They may not be descendants of the ancient Hebrews, but most of them think they are, so they inherit the superior feeling of the "chosen people." Or, because of traditions of persecution, they have an inferiority complex which they are driven to the extreme in trying to hide. For one reason or another they have this racial self-consciousness and it may be seen in nearly all their writings of themselves.

DISRAELI

Disraeli and Heine are not of our time, yet it is well to include them with contemporary biography because they are typical of Jewish character today. Their abiding worth will not let them be omitted.

Maurois' life of Disraeli seems to be the only biography of a Jew which does not stress the question of race. Whether Disraeli was Jew or not, makes no difference to Maurois. This, therefore, is a good opportunity to study the Jewish character when unaware of itself. Because of

this attitude, Maurois makes his greatest contribution to Jewish biography. His work is an excellent piece of fictional biography. The author does not slight any of the real issues in which Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright were so deeply involved, yet he has given us by far the most entertaining and artistic life of the great statesman which we have.

This book does not pretend to present new information, but simply to make as fascinating a tale as possible of a most interesting life.

HEINE

Another biography of a historical character is that by Lewis Browne, *That Man Heine*. This is more a study of Heine the Jew than of Heine the man and the poet. It is not authoritative history, but it is a most sympathetic and exciting story of one of Germany's greatest lyric poets. It is to be regretted that so much stress is laid on the man's moral and physical weaknesses; it tends to belittle him. The work is highly entertaining and satisfying, perhaps too much so, for those who do not know Heine's writings may be tempted to go no further.

The Jewish phase of the book is very prominent. It is not introspective, like Lewisohn's books, for Heine himself is not writing, but it is a psychological study.

Browne begins thus: "In the year 1796 there wandered into the town of Düsseldorf on the Rhine a young Jew whose name was Samson Heine." All the way through the book, poor Heine struggles against senseless objections to Jews. He, like many another, tries to throw off Judaism: he even thinks once that he has become a Christian, but he soon realizes that it is not possible. The book closes with an expression of the inevitableness of the situation: "His exile was ended; he was at home at last—he belonged."

ANTIN

Finest of all Jewish biography is Mary Antin's *Promised Land*. It is the story of her childhood in Russia and of her emigration to America. It is full of stories of Jewish prejudice and Jewish suffering, but all told without any self-consciousness and with no matured bitterness. Her reflections are given for our better understanding of the Jewish situation. She says it is no wonder the Jews were accused of greed for gold: careful saving was necessary to offset the exorbitant fees the Gentiles imposed on the Jews at every turn. "It cost nothing to be a Christian; on the contrary, it brought rewards and immunities. To be a Jew was a costly luxury the price of which was either money or blood." She gives many revealing experiences, likewise glimpses of Jewish sacred customs and fascinating tales of how she grew to question and to defy them. They all awaken a sense of sympathy and kinship which surmounts Jewish barriers.

Then came glorious America with free education and opportunity to rise. She cannot say enough for the joys of our schools and of kind people who helped her in numerous ways. The Boston Public Library receives a eulogy it may well preserve with pride. The readjustments to life in America are both pathetic and humorous. Freedom was found but not without struggle. One who has read *The Promised Land* cannot fail to understand what the inheritance of dietary laws means to a Jew. Little Mary for the first time found ham set before her:

"Alas, I learned that to eat in defense of principles was not so easy as to talk. I ate, but only a newly abnegated Jew can understand with what squirming, what protesting of the inner man, what exquisite abhorrence of myself. That Spartan boy who allowed the stolen fox hidden in his bosom to consume his vitals rather than be detected in the

theft showed no such miracle of self-control as did I, sitting there at my friend's tea-table, eating unJewish meat."

Miss Antin's heroic endeavors to throw off the bonds of Judaism should arouse equal endeavor on the part of her readers to welcome all who go through such experiences.

LEWISOHN

Ludwig Lewisohn in his *Mid-channel: An American Chronicle* writes the autobiography of his spiritual life. It is an unusually fine study of modern liberal Judaism. Especially enjoyable are the author's charming style and his frankly introspective attitude. If one really wants to understand Jewish feelings and the Jewish point of view, he ought to be able to do so from this book. Lewisohn is painstakingly frank in an effort to explain. Those who are sympathetic at the outset will understand, but to others the introspective character of the book might be repellent.

Again, a little bitterness in his attitude towards Christianity might be resented if we did not find it amusing. He says, "The highest and wisest minds admit that Christianity is failing as a curb upon pagan barbarism and as a guide of the good life in the age of science and the industrial revolution," but he gives no citations and mentions no names. We find this a much mooted question and, contrary to Lewisohn, we find that Christianity is wielding an increasing influence indirectly through having its teachings and principles appropriated by other religions. Again he speaks of "the Christian repudiation of man and nature." This of course refers to the orthodox theology of Christianity, not to the liberal, pragmatic interpretation.

His analysis of the ancient teachings of Judaism is more informing. "The ethics of Israel is realistic. It accepts nature. . . . It is overwhelmingly concerned . . . with the conduct of man, not of some fictive being." He quotes at

length till there is no room for doubt. "The tradition is not authoritarian and metaphysical; it is democratic and psychological." He shows our favorite teachings of Jesus to have come from Judaism—the commands to love one's neighbor and not to judge—and urges that we do more than take this "graceful eddy in a great river," but partake of the "eternal Hebraic ethos." It is interesting that so modern and well-informed a Jew would still consider his race to be descended from the ancient Hebrews when modern scholarship says not—that the Hebrew race died out in Palestine and in the dispersion.

His analysis of the difference between Jew and Gentile is wonderfully searching and unbiased. He would not have the differences rest upon value. The real tragedy of his investigations is this, that he finds in America that Jews are discriminated against, and that tolerance and liberty are found in France. He is bitter in his denunciations of American intolerance: "Fierce Catholics plot to restore kings and despotisms, fierce Protestants are drunk with the psychosis of Nordic pseudo-supremacy and identifying their religion with smiting and humiliating all who do not share their color, speech, or custom."

Lewisohn, in his earlier life, boasted his independence of Judaism, and thought he was entirely satisfied to be simply an American, but in this book he tells us that he found he could not be wholly himself nor come to his best outside of Judaism, so gradually he was drawn back to his own people. He is sure that it must ultimately be so with all Jews no matter how liberal and modern they are.

MORTON

In contemporary biography, we have others that are Jewish. Mrs. Gertrude Stern, better known as Leah Morton, writes autobiographically in *I Am a Woman and a Jew*. Her

story begins with orthodox Judaism and takes her through the shocks of her first contacts with non-Judaism and her gradual revolt from the strict old beliefs of her family. She renounced her inheritance in a dream for fellowship with all faiths, and was married to a Gentile, but she felt isolated in a strange world, and finally returned to the Jewish fold. Every experience in her life was colored by the fact that she was a Jewess. Her ideal was that the youth of our country should be thought of not as Jews or Gentiles or Catholics, but as Americans only. But her ideal did not accord with the world around her. She was studying in a New York school for social workers and during the year she was there she was left out of all social life because she was a Jewess—"Not one Gentile girl invited me to her home." So, in spite of herself, she returned to her Jewish consciousness. She had gotten away from the Jewish synagogue, but she could not get away from her people and in the end she had no such desire.

"I am a Jewess, though I do not belong to any church nor have my world enclosed among my people. The divisions are in my memories, in my heart.

"Last winter I sat at the table of a famous governor, discussing with him a national crisis that I was sent to write about. We touched unexpectedly upon an international angle of it and I said, 'Do you think that will be hard on us Jews?'

"He told me, startled, he had not thought me a Jewess. I answered, 'I know I am.' I am that before everything. Perhaps not in my work or in my daily life. But in my inner self that cannot change I belong to my people. My life is only a tiny atom of their long history."

Thus these two representative modern Jews, Mrs. Stern and Mr. Lewisohn, had the same experience in trying to

be non-Jewish and came to the same conclusion—that one cannot come to his best apart from his race.

BOGEN

Born a Jew, by Boris D. Bogen, is also contemporary biography. Bogen is a Russian Jew who emigrated to America and rapidly rose in Jewish social service. When the late war broke out he was sent to Europe to do relief work. He came into intimate contact with the Jews of Poland, Russia, Holland, France, and Hungary. His biography becomes, then, not merely his own life, but the life of European Jewry as well. This saves it from being as subjectively Jewish as are most Jewish biographies. It is consciously Jewish, but objectively so; he is more concerned with the suffering and want of the Jews of the world than he is with himself. From out this universal suffering he considers what it means to be "Born a Jew." Like Lewisohn and Leah Morton, he finds that Jews are "different." He finds also that they are naturally timid, quite overcome by being called "greeners," but that "to be born a Jew is to be in everlasting alliance of brotherhood with all other Jews however distant." Jews are persecuted the world over, but they are persistent and hopeful. "No matter what you do to them, they will find a way out." The universal feeling was expressed by a refugee from Poland, "Somewhere in the world there must be life for the Jew. I go to find it." Mr. Bogen's attitude is summed up as follows: "To be born a Jew is to be born to a satiric comedy, often to be the clown that is slapped, sometimes to be momentarily the courtier and the next moment the vassal, and always to be the immortal who laughs at the dynasties and empires and principalities that thought to destroy him and themselves perished." The book is especially enjoyable because it is free from bitterness.



KOREA

KANG

At last we have a biography from Korea. A "crazy-poet uncle" and a precocious boy—the author—lived under the same roof, and a spicy chronicle is the result. The uncle is unrivaled for absorption in poetry and the boy is unrivaled for absorption in pranks and later for indomitable devotion to Western culture. Let the moon come up all bright and beautiful and the "crazy-poet uncle" (he is always so called) must jump out of bed to write poetry, and if someone in the household interrupts his train of thought he must needs flee to the rice fields. It is nothing to him that he is barefooted and in his night-suit. He is graphically described as a "comical creature," entirely unmindful of his appearance, but who "went right at it with his poetry; everything he said was poetry." So honored was poetry in Korea that this uncle lived a life of unquestioned irresponsibility. Not only were he and his family entirely supported by a brother who in addition had a big house full of relatives to support, but the doting family and the whole country roundabout paid him homage, sent him presents, and did him honor, just for being a poet. The book constantly shows the universal aspiration in Korea for poetry.

The precocious boy is no less entertaining. He was the leader of his gang, and exacting enough with his followers to overawe any American boy gangleader. Because of his endless pranks, his family were sure there were fifty devils in him, and no wonder when he desecrated the sacred annual festival at the ancestor's tomb by staging a fishing

episode in which numerous small boys spoiled their beautiful new clothes. His forgetfulness nearly drowned the family cow and furnishes a tale for much laughter.

When he grew older he ran away to attend Western schools—Japan and later America. The latter half of the book recounts his experiences in becoming Westernized. Korean reaction to Western influence and Japanese dominance is tragically depicted. He describes the effect in his family when Korea was publicly declared annexed to Japan:

“When the news reached the grass roof in Song-Dune-Chi, my father turned a dark red and could not even open his mouth. My uncle Pak-Sa became suddenly very old and he shriveled and fainted in his own room. My crazy-poet uncle sat staring straight ahead of him until far into the night.” Once the boy caught him at his outer door shaking his fist at the sky and talking aloud:

“‘Oh, stars and moon, how have you the heart to shine? Why not drop down by thunderstorm and cover all things up? And mountains, with your soul shining and rustling in the green leaves and trees and grass, can’t you understand that it is over now? This national career of the people who have lived with you all these many ages, who have slept in your bosoms, whose blood you have drunk, whose nurse you have been for countless years! You spirits of water, you ghosts of the hollows, don’t you see how death has just come to this people established among you for the four thousand years since the first king Tan-Koon appeared on the white-headed mountain beside the Sacred Tree? Don’t you know the soul of Korea is gone, is passing away this night, and has left us behind like old clothes?’”

Aside from its importance as a personal narrative from Korea, the book is no less important as a document of human life, for the visions, sufferings, and joys it records. Missionaries are shown in a bad light, to be sure, but the

author is only depicting what he saw ; ours not to criticize but to profit by the information. The style for the most part is admirable English. Now and then it is marred by the author's fondness for Westernisms, and we regret English poetry as chapter headings. One so well versed in Korean poetry (the book is full of it) might better have used his native writings in all cases.



NEGROES

The Negroes in our country, far more than the Jews, suffer from misunderstanding and maladjustment. If we would give more attention to the best that is in the Negro race, we would think more of them and they would reciprocate in more rapid and greater achievement. We haven't much yet in Negro biography because, of course, the Negroes have not yet had the time to develop many characters worthy of biography. But they are appearing now. It is only a matter of time till they will be in published books also.

WASHINGTON

Our first Negro biography, as we all know, is Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*. It will always remain a classic for the race. We are familiar with the story of how the little slave boy toiled and put himself through school and of how he became the educated, cultured man who made education possible for thousands of Negroes. He gives a most appealing picture of the little boy working in the coal mines, tramping all the way to Hampden and then toiling at janitor work to pay for his schooling. No less stirring are the achievements of the man who was called back to create Tuskegee Institute, and how from a shanty and a henhouse he increased it to sixty-six buildings, eight hundred and twenty-three acres of land—a property of two million dollars. From thirty pupils and one teacher he brought it to fourteen hundred pupils, one hundred and ten officers and teachers. He had the thrill of

being sought out by white people and given a place among famous people. He was trusted with thousands of dollars for Tuskegee and honored by rulers and high officials both in this country and abroad. He tells the story very simply and humbly, and yet his gratitude for all the trust and recognition he received enables us to feel his thrill at having crossed the color line. "Merit," he says, was the secret of his success, and "merit, no matter under what skin, in what race, or where, will in the long run always be recognized and rewarded. Every person should learn to do something well—learn to do something better than anyone else can do it—then others will value him and want him."

Booker T. Washington had no bitterness. Why should he? His success had come quickly and thoroughly. He did not personally experience much of the clash of color which all Negroes must fight against today, so there was no upheaval in his inner life and no confessional over the struggles against race prejudice. Perhaps also, being the first Negro to write about himself, he was a bit eager to write such a book as should meet the approval of white people. In later Negro writing, prominence is always given to the color problem.

DUNBAR

Paul Laurence Dunbar has been sketched in high lights by Lida K. Wiggins, *Life and Works of Paul Laurence Dunbar*. The book is brief but vivid, showing a personality so charming that it cannot fail to awaken interest in others of his race. None who has read it can soon forget the heroic struggles of the young man to conquer poverty and to succeed in poetry, nor can any forget his beautiful devotion to his mother and his pathetic struggle against failing health. The book entices us to read his poetry, but is tantalizing in its briefness. It suggests inner

struggles and personal development, but shares only the outer life.

DUBOIS

Dubois is one of the best-known Negro authors of today. Sometime we must have his biography, but at present we have to be content with a collection from him entitled, *Darkwater: Voices from Within the Veil*. This is a collection of meditations, stories, poems, and other articles which are largely autobiographical. Everything in the book reflects his race problem. From the creed at the first to the story at the last, it is a vehement outburst against the injustice of race prejudice and an argument for the Negroes. The stories and allegories are especially effective. From the beginning to the end, he is reasonable and convincing. The beauty of his language alone makes him irresistible. His artistic imagery and his poetic expression remind one strongly of Tagore, but this man's writing has more strength in it than Tagore's. We quote from his travels abroad:

"I met men and women as I had never met them before. Slowly they came, not white folks, but folks. The unity beneath all life clutched me. I was not less fanatically a Negro, but 'Negro' meant a greater, broader sense of humanity and world-fellowship. I felt myself standing, not against the world, but simply against American narrowness and color prejudice, with the greater, finer world at my back urging me on.

"I builded great castles in Spain and lived therein . . . then after two long years I dropped suddenly back into 'nigger'-hating America."

"Now and then out of the void flashed the sword of hate to remind me of the battle. I remember once in Nashville, brushing by accident against a white woman on the street. Politely and eagerly I raised my hat to apologize. That was

thirty-five years ago. From that day to this I have never knowingly raised my hat to a Southern white woman.

"But what on earth is whiteness that one should desire it? Then always, somehow, someway, silently but clearly, I am given to understand that whiteness is the ownership of the earth forever and ever. Amen."

COLLECTION

In Spite of Handicaps is a collection of "brief biographical sketches of Negroes who are achieving distinction along business, professional, and artistic lines." It was prepared for use in discussion groups with boys and girls. The purpose is to promote better racial understanding, and a list of questions is given at the end of each biography.

The collection is most attractive as to personnel and photographs; there are eighteen names included, and all represent Negroes of today. The only regret is that the sketches are so short. Such interesting people could easily furnish several chapters instead of a few pages, but there is ample information upon which to build discussions, and perhaps leaving so much untold will only lure readers on to find more.



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

EASTMAN

No picture of Indian life would be complete without a contribution from Charles A. Eastman. He is an Indian by birth, was raised among the Indians, and knew nothing of civilization until after he was fifteen. He speaks with authority, therefore, but more than that he gives us the inside view which no white man can give. And that view shows the good, the noble, the beautiful side of the Indian. We need it as a complement to the views of the Indian which the white man usually gets.

Indian Boyhood is Eastman's reminiscences of the thrilling wild life written for the little son "who came too late to behold for himself the drama of savage existence." Here we have a rich fund of native lore—the grandmother telling all about the secrets of medicinal herbs, the uncle instructing in the ways of the woods and streams, and the boys giving the results of their finds. Equally up to our expectations are the exciting adventures with plunging buffalo, snarling wolves, and flashing tomahawks. Occasionally a humorous turn relieves the tenseness of the situation, as when a would-be brave thinks to end the life of a buffalo. The wounded animal lay on the ground, and the Indian, approaching it from behind, jumped astride its back that he might stab it. Knowing the man to be a coward, the other men watched in great glee. The frightened animal struggled to its feet and went plunging and kicking in the snow. The man, equally frightened, dropped his knife and had all he could do to hold on. His face went deadly pale

while he screamed to his friends, "Hurry! Hurry! Shoot! Shoot!" then, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! You'll kill me." At last the animal dropped dead and the watching friends, exhausted with laughter, also fell down. Thereafter the man was ridiculed as a coward.

Surprising things are told of the moral life of the Indians. Who will not marvel at the expectant mother daily calling to mind the deed of a hero and isolating herself as much as possible amid grand and beautiful scenery that they may put their impress upon the child? Who will not warm to the children making friends with wild animals? And who will not listen amazed to the war-whoops given over the sleeping boy every morning in order to train him to quick action and presence of mind? We enjoy the high morality of the maidens' feast and the feast of the young braves to which only the pure are eligible. We are impressed by the Indians' scorn of our slavery (this in the days preceding the Emancipation Proclamation) and of our pursuit of riches. Religion, we are told, was the basis of all moral training.

PLENTY-COUPS

American is the life story of Plenty-Coups, chief of the Crow Indians. The recollections of the old chief, which are set down in his own words, are strung together in a loose chronological order. He closes with the disappearance of buffalo, life since then being too sad for the Indian to narrate. This limits the recollections to the wild life, and they are further limited by almost total omission of the personal element. The early part of the book tells about the boy's straining after a vision, or "dream" as the Indian called it, of what his mission in life should be, but of this personal phase there is little else in the book. For the most part, it recounts tribal affairs, incidents of adventure,

episodes in horse-stealing or in warfare, with historical or ethnological explanations. The explanations are too frequent and lengthy for the free movement of the narrative. What we miss most is the intimacy and fervor of Eastman's work. Nevertheless, it gives valuable and authentic information as to Indian life and character.

GRIFFIS

Tahan is another autobiography of Indian life, but it dwells more upon his adjustment to civilization than it does upon Indian customs. Much of the narrative is given over to adventures of his Indian days—similar experiences, of course, are already familiar—but the last part of the book, almost half, gives a vivid picture of his life among white people. It is this unusual revelation of the Indian's situation which is valuable for our understanding of the Indian today. There is no effort at display; no intention to play upon our sympathies; rather it is a simple statement in abrupt, short sentences telling of events and conditions which we need to know, and in the telling of them Tahan has unconsciously revealed Indian character also.

LONG LANCE

A most unusual autobiography is that of Long Lance. It is unusual in three respects: it is written in the smooth, easy style of one born to the English language; it reveals the spirit of the Indian; it depicts his experiences in the coming of the white man. The wild, free life of the first half of the book shows the Indian character. Contacts with white men fill the latter half of the book and show the complexity and peril of later Indian life. Therein we find much to admire and much to give better understanding of our first Americans. The dialogue in Chapter Nine between the Indian and the white missionary should allay some of our

superiority complex. Chapter Seventeen gives as dramatic an episode of heroism and loyalty as one could find.

MARQUETTE

Agnes Repplier has established a reputation for wit. The life of a missionary would seem to be out of her line, but her *Père Marquette* is as piquant and lively as her books usually are. With deft strokes she sketches the mysterious and alluring new world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gives a snapshot of the Jesuits in their army-like obedience and service, shows us young Marquette waiting, hoping, praying, and resigning himself anew each year to the will of his superiors, then, as rapidly as we can get aboard the boat, we are transported "to the boundless stretches of wilderness and black savage mountains." We are among Indians in "a perfect miracle of dirt, disorder, and discomfort." There are cold, hard fare, fierce Indians, floods, friendly Indians, superstition, prayers, hope, and teaching. The Indians had no word for God. The priests were compelled to use roundabout phrases, such as "He who lives in the sky" or "the Ruler of all men" and by constant reiteration of them to impress the idea of a Supreme Being. Then exploration, glorious discoveries, massacres, and all the rest.

A special attraction of the book is the author's racy style. "The colonists," she observes, "were imperfect men, but very few of them reached perdition by way of safety." And she says that the Indians ate "the fleas and lice with which they were infested; not that they liked to eat them, but in order to get even with the pests." Another charm of the book is her happy way of gathering from historians the richest colors for her portrait and her particular interpretation of *Père Marquette*. Maurois, she tells us, says that in every life there is a hidden rhythm, and it is the biog-

rapher's business to discover this mysterious music. She has discovered it for Marquette:

"The rhythm of his life beats evenly and with uniform steadiness"; it is a rhythm of "a soul at peace with itself because of its unquestioning acceptance of God's will. . . . Day by day he followed unconsciously the counsel in which Marcus Aurelius sums up the whole worth and contentment of living: 'Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, in passing from one act to another, thinking of God.'"

YOUNG

S. Hall Young has produced one of our best biographies of missionary life, *Hall Young of Alaska*. The one book comprises a valuable study of the Indians of that northern region, an excellent account of geographical exploration and discovery, and a thrilling story of the Klondike and the gold rush of 1897. Throughout it breathes the Christian spirit and Young's tireless study to interpret it to the Indians and capture the gold-seekers with it. The book is a record of an important epoch. "The fifty years Hall Young spent in Alaska witnessed the transition of an aboriginal race from savagery to civilization, from primitive tribal confusion and anarchy to orderly government, and most of all from a dense and cruel paganism to the Christian faith and the Christian view of life." This record is all reliable, for it was not written from memory long after the time of the occurrences, but from a diary and copious notes and articles made at the time of the events recorded.

First, we have the Indians, no casual or flashy bits of information about them, but the close-up, intimate knowledge of one who had lived a lifetime with them. Mr. Young made a careful study of each tribe. He records eight ancient legends from the Stickeens. He gives a keen analysis of some

customs and beliefs which were strikingly similar to those of the ancient Hebrews; he even found evidences of an original belief in one God. Most absorbing is the story of the struggle with witchcraft. Fear of witches was always hovering over them. At last it broke out with all the violence of a far-reaching storm. The whole tribe were leagued against an old medicine man who was believed to be a witch, and, all unknown to Mr. Young, had stripped and bound the poor fellow and hidden him away to die. Mr. Young's indignation and courage in facing the tribe alone and securing the old man's release is as magnificent as anything we find in the days of knighthood.

He went to the house of the chief; "when I entered I found about one hundred and fifty Indians. They all scowled at me in silence. . . . 'I have come to get Kah-tu-yeatley; to free him and to take him back to my house. You have broken the law of the United States, and I shall have you all punished. I am going to put down all persecution for witchcraft and banish the medicine men from this town. This is going to be a Christian town, and the law of love shall take the place of the law of hatred and wrong. Where is Kah-tu-yeatley?' " And he got him and that ended that witchcraft affair.

His discerning philosophy of the life about him is evidenced in the story of the missionaries who became Indians. They lived with the Indians, spoke the Indian language, raised their own children in Indian ways until the whole family had learned more from the Indians than the Indians had learned from them. The result was that the missionaries' children were as much savages as were the Indians' children. It does not do to meet the Indians halfway, is the warning; the standards of Christianity and civilization must be maintained.

Nature study and exploration constitute an alluring phase

of the book. He took trips with John Muir and fairly revels in telling about seeing a wonderful display of northern lights, scaling treacherous mountains, exploring "deep canons of crystal-blue caverns and purple brows of great glaciers," being rescued by Muir from a sheer precipice down which Young had fallen, and especially in telling about Muir himself.

And last but no less thrilling than all the rest is the chronicle of the gold rush. The "grub scare," the robbery of all his funds up there where he could get no connection with civilization for eight months at least, the weather sixty degrees below zero and only tents to live in—this is tense life. His achievements amid such conditions are marvelous. He organized a Sunday school and held church services which brought response from many hardened sinners. He laid a firm foundation for Christianity up there in the far northwest.

It is a great book from start to finish. It is remarkable for being fundamentally religious without being ostensibly religious. S. Hall Young was a missionary of the whole life. The book is a collection of thrilling narratives all told in a lively picturesque style.



RUSSIA

KROPOTKIN

Memoirs of a Revolutionist, by Prince Kropotkin, is an indispensable biography for the background of Russia today. Beginning with the early nineteenth century, it follows Russian affairs down to about 1900. Peter Kropotkin was of the nobility and naturally his memoirs reflect much of the high life, but also he was a student. His love of the people drew him from research into investigation of social conditions and the greater part of his life was spent in untiring work on behalf of the peasants. In the panorama he spreads before us he moves among all classes of society as few men have done in any country. His interest was more in his contemporaries than in himself and the book is mainly a psychological study of official Russia and its downtrodden masses. He saw the reckless extravagance of the nobility, followed the military régime as it laid its iron hand on all the aristocracy, watched the flogging of the serfs, and saw the poor peasants tramping back and forth from town to country in search of a living. He shared in the youth movement of the sixties, the formation of workingmen's associations for education and self-improvement, and traveled all over Russia and Europe in furtherance of the socialist movement. All this gives a wonderful background for understanding the recent uprisings in Russia and the ideals of the Soviet government.

The book is written in an informal, conversational style, setting forth dramatic catastrophes and giving graphic de-

scriptions. They constantly shift their personnel from one class to another, and their settings from one country to another. How so long and varied a train of events could all have fallen in one lifetime is a marvel. Kropotkin's life gives virtually the social background of Russia for the entire nineteenth century.

BRESHKOVSKY

Another person whose life helps in understanding Russia today is Catherine Breshkovsky. Her life is told by Alice Stone Blackwell in *The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution*. She takes us through those situations especially relating to the recent revolution in Russia. It is to be regretted that we do not have the "Little Grandmother's" complete autobiography; we would know all there is to know of so great a woman. Miss Blackwell gives some account of her subject's early life, but most of the book is given over to her connection with the revolution. The letters are especially fine and they make up the larger part of the book. No matter from what situation, they are always buoyant with hope. To read the book is to be impressed by great needy Russia and to long for her release. The dramatic times and the thrilling woman are both portrayed with vigor and sympathetic insight.

BOTCHKAREVA

Another book especially fine for the revolutionary background is *Yashka*. It is the life of Maria Botchkareva, who organized and led the woman's unit of the Russian army under the name of "The Battalion of Death." This account contradicts many of the tales about her which were current at the time of these events, but the facts of this book were dictated by "Yashka" herself and are guaranteed to be correct.

"Yashka," as she was familiarly called, was semi-illiterate and could not write her own biography. All the more impressive, therefore, is her personality and great achievement. She was dominated by a desire to free Russia from the power of Germany. When the army of her country remained inert and disorganized before the German peril, she conceived the idea of calling women to the rescue in the hope of thus arousing the men to follow them. She carried through her idea with magnificent personal sacrifice and courage. The experiences of her achievement are a revelation both of history and of Russian character. She was strictly non-partisan in her career and wholly free from self-consciousness in her recital, so through her we see situations as they really were. Kerensky, Kornilov, Lenin, and Trotsky stand out vividly. Monarchy, anarchy, mobocracy, Bolshevism—each is seen in action at close range. And here, as in no other book, we see the reactions of the Russian army to the various phases of the revolution.

But quite as important as this historical phase of her revelations is the personal phase. Yashka typifies peasant Russia. Her strong character with its deep religious fervor and passionate devotion to her country, her combination of hardness and kindness, and her wonderful endurance all mark for us the vast, mysterious, struggling power of her country. Knowing her means understanding the Russian people better.

LENIN

Biographies of revolutionary days will naturally include Lenin and Trotsky. There are innumerable biographies of Lenin, and more are constantly appearing. For quick acquaintance, the work by Fülöp-Miller is excellent; *Lenin and Gandhi* is the title. Each part is a comprehensive account and a vivid picture of the man. Much is gained

by putting these two lives in the same book, for though the author makes little comparison, just the fact of having them there together naturally arouses comparison.

Lenin: The Man and His Work, by A. R. Williams, Raymond Robbins, and Arthur Ransome, furnishes another means of quick acquaintance with the great leader. The biographical part is merely a sketch, but it is followed by a section from each author setting forth his various meetings with Lenin and the different occasions on which he was seen. The composite authorship furnishes portraits from as many different angles, and not of Lenin only, but also of Russian life and characters. For a vivid and inclusive picture with little reading, this book is admirable.

A more serious and solid work is Valeriu Marcu's *Lenin*. This shows our subject against the background of revolutionary times. Lenin's character stands out clear-cut and heroic without any embellishments to make it so. The book is dramatically written with short divisions and telling headings; "Legacy of the Revolutionary Past," "Birth of the Class and the Will of the Leader," "From the 'Iskra' Controversy to the Battle for the Kreml," "The Powers and Plot of the Vanquished," "Lenin Masters Anarchy."

TROTSKY

Valuable for its revolutionary background and also for its interpretation of Russia today is Leon Trotsky's autobiography; he calls it *My Life*. A paragraph in the foreword well characterizes the book:

"This book is not a dispassionate photograph of my life, but a component part of it. In these pages I continue the struggle to which my whole life is devoted. Describing, I also characterize and evaluate; narrating, I also defend myself, and more often attack. It seems to me this is the only method of making an autobiography objective in a higher

sense, that is, of making it the most adequate expression of personality, conditions, and epoch."

Beginning with his boyhood, he describes the family life of people just one step removed from peasant poverty. They owned over one hundred acres of land; they had horses, cattle, pigs and all that goes to make up a prosperous farm, but they also had ceaseless toil, meager education and lived in a little mud house with a thatched roof.

The saving thing about it for Trotsky was his parents' high intelligence and their appreciation of education. It is an unforgettable picture he gives of his mother spending the long winter evenings seated in a corner in the dining-room laboriously reading in a loud whisper from some novel gotten at the village library and following the words with her toil-worn finger. And of his father as an old man learning to spell that he might be able at least to read the titles of his son's books.

The son had the usual grade-school education, but it was continually being supplemented by special study and even research. In prison, on his travels, in exile, every conceivable opportunity was utilized. Of his prison cell, his cell-mate is quoted as saying, "Trotsky's cell soon became transformed into a kind of library. He was supplied with all the new books that deserved attention; he read them all, and the entire day from morning until late at night he was occupied with his literary work. 'I feel splendid,' he would say to us. 'I sit and work and feel perfectly sure that I can't be arrested. You will agree that under the conditions in Czarist Russia that is rather an unusual sensation.'" For relaxation, he read European classics. Later, he made a study of trade and industry both on a world scale and on a national scale. He wanted to find out "the relationship between trade and industry, on the one hand, and the progressive stages of the labor movement and the revolution-

ary struggle on the other." On his hurried trip to America he says, "I was up to my neck in work." No wonder, for he delved into one of the New York libraries and "studied the economic history of the United States assiduously," especially since the war.

Along with this intellectual interest, Trotsky has a vigorous independence of thought. He frequently tells with amusement of some action or attitude of his that was wholly at variance with the custom. In 1905, when he returned to Russia after two and a half years in prison and two years of exile in Siberia, he had to take himself in hand to catch up with the swiftly moving current. How he carried on his writing for the underground revolutionists may be seen from the following: "Decisions had to be made under fire. I can't help noting here that those decisions came to me quite obviously. . . . Later I observed with astonishment and a sense of estrangement how every event caught the cleverest of the Mensheviks, Martov, unawares and threw him into confusion." But Trotsky, we see, was master of himself and understood the situation.

Obviously this independent thinking was a big factor in making him a revolutionist, but another, he says, was the injustice he saw and heard around him even as a child. He says of the grade-school he attended, "It sowed in me, contrary to its direct purpose, the seeds of enmity for the existing order." As a boy, he began his revolutionary work by opposing the library when it raised its annual fee. He was early devouring the newspapers and piles of political literature. Becoming too radical for his father, they severed their relations.

"I uncompromisingly defended my independence, my right to follow my own path. It ended with my refusing to accept material aid from home." He joined a group of five other young reformers and they led a Spartan exist-

ence of communal life. From thence arose "the religious sects which engaged in successful warfare with the official religion" and the growth of socialism and of Bolshevism. Trotsky early became a leader among the Bolsheviks, so that in 1917 Lenin declared, "There is no better Bolshevik than Trotsky." His terms of imprisonment and exile had been well used in studying the situation.

A very interesting feature of the book is the information it gives about Lenin. The great leader appears in action; his adroit maneuvers are interpreted and his aims explained. He is seen at close range; his character is analyzed and the dependence upon him shown. He is seen at death; its personal side and its far-reaching effects are described.

Trotsky is not at all subjective in this work, and what there is of his personal life is only incidental to the great theme of the Russian revolution. It is interesting to note that the fact of his being a Jew plays no part in his autobiography. He mentions it only once or twice. His style is always entertaining, with often a touch of humor. Of special importance is his judgment of the Russian revolution and his analysis of his loss of power; he attributes it to the wane of international revolution and to the reaction which set in. There seems to be no bitterness in his reflections on the subject. The work is excellent for showing the spirit of Russia today.

Eastman's biography, *Leon Trotsky: The Portrait of a Youth*, gives the more personal side of Trotsky's life which we miss in the autobiography. The author is a great admirer of the Russian leader and his closest English friend. Not only is Eastman eminently fitted to give this portrait, but he has had some collaboration from Trotsky. The book is as interesting as a novel and at the same time reveals Russian background and the development of the man himself.

STALIN

For Stalin, we have a chapter in *Eminent Asians: Six Great Personalities of the New East*, by J. W. Hall, more familiarly known as Upton Close. His live, vigorous style is of itself a matter of great interest, but the substance is illuminating as well. Frequent comparisons with Lenin and Trotsky throw much light on the situation in Russia. Especially significant is the close connection which the author sees between Russia and Asia in mental attitude.

CHALIAPIN

Another autobiography from Russia which gives vivid glimpses both of peasant and of city life is that of the famous singer, F. I. Chaliapin, in *Pages from My Life*. It is an unposed picture as natural as a series of snapshots. Some of it, of course, wanders outside of Russia, but for the most part it is within her borders. The poverty and degradation amidst which that deserving boy grew up will ever cry aloud the needs of the peasants. One who has read the book can never forget the dirt and drunkenness, the hunger and beatings which drove the boy away from home. Nor can he forget the multitude of other lives that are struggling with similar hard conditions. But who can forget, either, the spontaneous good nature, the comradeship, artistic temperament, and genuine ability everywhere intermingled? The conditions of the peasants may have changed since the revolution, but we have here a picture of Russian character which is essentially the same for all time.

VIOLLIS

A Girl in Soviet Russia is not biographical of the author, but of the Russians with whom she came in contact during a tour of investigation of their country. Old people and young, men, women, and children crowd her

pages. Stragglers from the old aristocracy jostle ardent Bolshevik leaders. Peasants, factory workers, students, the bitter and the enthusiastic all are found there. We are transported to Russia and enter at once with great spontaneity into myriad lives. It is not scenery or things that fill the pages, but people, their hearts, their minds, their souls, and their living. We are frightened by the bands of deserted, wild children, we ache for the outcast of the old régime, and we rejoice with the ardent young patriots. Who can ever forget Micha of the factory—Micha, the talented, who when yet a small boy was renowned for his paintings? We find him stripped of all the old family wealth save one Persian rug and a diamond brooch. He and his paralyzed old grandmother are huddled together in a dark cellar-room. He is working in a factory. And who can ever forget the motley petitioners who besiege the president on the day when the peasants and poor people are admitted to his presence? An eager student is told there is no room for him at the University of Moscow. A tragic woman wants her husband released from prison. A poor old beggar woman wants her pension increased. This is real life we see in Russia, presented with no effort at an effect and with no bias.



SYRIA

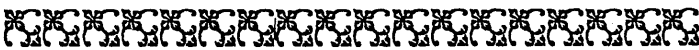
RIHBANY

Abraham Mitrie Rihbany is a Syrian who has become an American. In his *A Far Journey* he tells how it happened. Beginning with his earliest memories of life in Syria he pictures the stone house of Bible times with its two rooms and flat roof. He takes us through many quaint and delightful customs of home and church and communal life as well as through locust plagues and clan combats. Looking back upon the scene from America, he is enabled to have that detachment which sees things in the large, with the result that sensitiveness is lost in an impersonal attitude of amusement. Thus he enjoys telling about his first appearance among his countrymen in American dress. They ridiculed him as "the man in tights." He is vastly amused at his first attempts to use a knife and fork, and tells how nearly he came to breaking the plate. And he tells of his first effort to preach and of how his audience of one fell asleep. Arrived in America, the long view reveals there were still causes for amusement. With true "Oriental sentimentalism and brotherly feeling" he and his friend vowed to each other that "so long as we shall both live, we shall have a common purse and share to the utmost each other's joys and sorrows." Then in a short time they parted forever.

BLISS

Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss: Edited and Supplemented by His Eldest Son, F. J. Bliss, gives his full life,

from a boy pioneering in America to the college president pioneering in Syria. The development of the man is a most fascinating study, especially in connection with his college. The section about the College is an autobiography and brings him so near that we become personally attached to him. Even the disagreeable business of raising money is inspiring when he does it. A man with courage to refuse all donations having hampering conditions attached, who could at a moment's notice adapt his solicitation to five minutes or two hours, who could walk into a big business concern and in one minute secure a subscription of five thousand dollars—such a man fires us with his own high enthusiasm. His aim for the College was that it should be open to all classes and conditions of men without regard to color, race, nationality, or religion. He wanted all who came to be free to be Christians or not as they pleased, but all who did come should soon learn what the College authorities believed and why. Above all, he desired that it should "make men who would see in all events the beauty and the glory of living." It must be confessed that there is little in the book about the Syrians themselves, or about their country. It is mainly about Dr. Bliss and his achievements, yet that little is most illuminating and the atmosphere of the book reflects much of Syria.



TURKEY

BROWN

Two phases of life in Turkey challenge us: the harem life and the political life. Mrs. Kenneth Brown, otherwise Demetra Vaka, gives most alluring tales of the former. She is a Greek woman, born and bred in Constantinople. After long absence in America, she returned to Turkey to study Turkish women and understand their life. She visited old friends and was welcomed within their harems; and their inmost thoughts and feelings were shared with her. *Haremlik: Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women* is the story of these lives as told to her. Of course, we must remember that the harem has all but vanished from Turkey, yet to enter into the spell which it cast over her is to have a better understanding of the transition going on in Turkey today. There are picturesque slaves carrying brass trays on their heads, or faithfully giving flower-scented baths and taking care of their mistresses. There are flower-laden verandas, plates of beautiful fruits and delicious sweets, deep salaams, wailing prayers, gauzy scarfs, myriads of soft, flowing silk garments, and beautiful women galore.

"Nowhere," Demetra Brown tells us, "have I seen such pure enjoyment of life." She saw the Turkish women in many different aspects, and this she says is the philosophy of the harem: "You never share your husband; what a man gives to one woman, he never gives to another. What he is to his first wife, he never is to his second or third."

A Child of the Orient gives Mrs. Brown's reminiscences

of her Turkish childhood in somewhat more juvenile form. In simple narrative style she tells about her Turkish playmates, her adventures in Turkish gardens, visits in Turkish harems, and about many Turkish love stories. Of special interest to grown people is the subtle irony of the book. The author was raised in strict pride of race, early taught Greek mythology and history, imbued with loyalty for the race "that has taught the world" and equally with hatred and vengeance for the oppressing Turks. Yet despite all this, she always had Turkish friends whom she loved dearly! Her family kept a close watch over her and were quite in consternation when she was invited to harems, but little Demetra would renew her vows of vengeance on the abstract Turks and go! She fairly reveled in the good times of the harems, yet was conscious too in a childish way that she was supposed to scorn all Turks. Her experience proved that personal acquaintance within a race naturally surmounts all training for hatred of it. It was of no avail to teach Demetra race prejudice; face to face acquaintance killed it outright.

EDIB

Mrs. Brown's books show the attractive side of harem life. Now we have a book which shows the unattractive side, or perhaps we should say the harem as it is today. Halidé Edib gives a very recent picture.

This writer is a Turkish woman who was raised a Moslem, was educated in an American college in Turkey, developed into a modern woman, and became a co-worker with the young Turks in their movement to give Turkey a constitution. In her *Memoirs* she tells the story of her sensitive childhood amidst all the class distinctions, jealousies, and scheming of the harem. She admits us to complex marriage relations, and shows marriage customs and

holy festivals. She fascinates with the color and beauty of it, then suddenly launches us into the midst of the Turkish revolution.

The book is well written; it is full of information as to beliefs, customs, history, and folk-lore. At the same time it is delightfully personal in manner of expression and colorful in setting. There are amusing tales, exciting tales, and harrowing tales. Halidé Edib furnishes acquaintance with Turkey and also with a Turkish woman so winning as to cross for us the barrier of nationality.

EKREM

Unveiled: The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl shows Turkey just before and after the revolution. Miss Ekrem's father was one of old Hamid's high officials, but he endowed his little daughter with the modern spirit of freedom and she rebelled when Turkey afforded none. Most entertaining, her insistence upon wearing a hat even though mobbed by her angry countrymen; alluring and enlightening, the life in her grandfather's grand old home; stirring, the last chapters which show the changes going on in Turkey. A good book to show how those people are being Westernized, and to show the class of Turks least known—the cultured, honorable class.

KEMAL

Eminent Asians by Upton Close has already been cited for its chapter on Stalin. It must be noted again, this time for its chapter on Mustapha Kemal. It gives enough historical background to explain his significance, and enough biographical material to show his development, but for the most part the chapter is a character study. The personal phase is unusually well portrayed. Love story and political narrative are skilfully interwoven, and they are equally well done.

Biographies of Mustapha Kemal give little acquaintance with the people or the home life of Turkey, but they furnish a background which is helpful to understanding of the country today. Mikusch succeeds in giving us a real acquaintance with the self-contained young man who was all afire with revolt and reform. At the same time, he shows us the medievalism which until so recently enshrouded the people. Mustapha Kemal proves to be very much of a hero. As a boy he won the name "Kemal" (perfection) for excellence in his studies. He never took counsel with anyone, but as a man he is universally called "Ghazi" (the victorious). In his company secret plottings, wars, and drastic reforms become quite fascinating. Before we know it, we find ourselves yearning with him over Turkey's isolation and oppression and her multiplicity of races and states. We are genuinely glad when she succeeds in pushing the other nations off and rises to new life. This sympathetic attitude is vital to understanding and appreciation of any people. To have induced this for Turkey is a real victory for Kemal's biographer, as much of a victory as was Kemal's for Turkey.

Wortham's life of Kemal does this also, but not to the same extent as that of Mikusch. Wortham is far more impersonal in his treatment; the wars and uprisings pass through his pages at a heavier, slower gait. Especially to be noted in both books is the profusion of illustrations; they stimulate a personal interest.

HAMLIN

Because of his having founded Robert College, Cyrus Hamlin's life is too important to omit, but, like Bliss's biography, the best part of his is that relating to his College. Nearly two hundred pages of his autobiography are given to his early life, which is rather a long introduction. The

book gives many sidelights on Turkish and Armenian character and customs. Especially informing are the accounts of setting up a bakery, organizing a laundry, building a church, and, of course, of founding the College. Even in the latter account, however, we wish we might have more acquaintance with the Turkish people.

PATRICK

For a long autobiography, *An Educational Ambassador to the Near East* is somewhat disappointing in the slight acquaintance it gives with Miss Patrick, but for the intimate acquaintance it gives with Constantinople Woman's College and life in the Near East since 1912 it is admirable.

Miss Patrick went to Turkey as a missionary and began by teaching in a high school. This is the story of how she developed that high school into a college, she herself becoming its president. The great thrill of the book lies in its internationalism. That school began with all Armenian pupils, but by 1922 twenty nations were represented. The Turkish students were among the last to come, but they now form a large proportion of the student body. Several of the races are considered separately, whereby we enter into a close friendship with each. The book might well be called a biography of the Near East. And, when we remember that Miss Patrick almost always had war conditions to contend with, we must pay tribute, not only to her internationalism, but to her courage and her administrative ability.

The author does not excel in style, but she has a splendid grasp of her material and a fine spirit in the presenting of it.

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HARPER STORAGE

FEB 14 '34	Christian Church
APR 11 '35	Union City, Ind. <i>Edith Carr</i>
APR 2 '36	Flourace Falls
APR 16 '36	3259 Woodlawn
NOV 12 1941	P. Owen Lamb
NOV 20 1941	Den 2 1
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